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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A Journal of Civilization

NEW YORK AUGUST 25 : 1900

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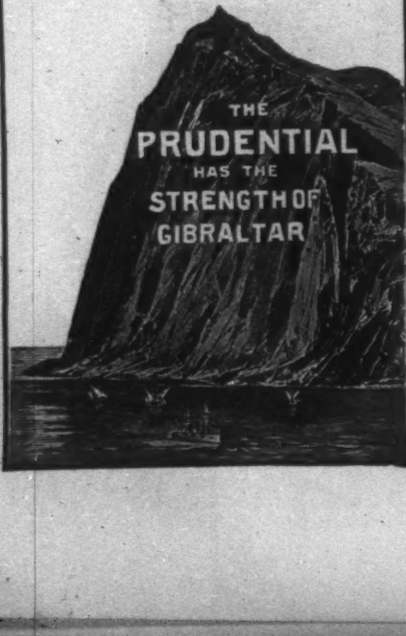

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Vol. XLIV.
No. 2279

HARPER'S WEEKLY

August 25
1900

CONTENTS

	PAGE
What Might Have Been if the Original Thirteen States Had Never Expanded. *Cartoon.* W. A. ROGERS	785
The Prisoners of Peking. Photograph	787
Editorials	788
Mr. Bryan's Effort to Shirk the Issue. Illustrated with a Photograph	789
The Crisis in China. Photographs	790
Foreign Troops in China. Photographs	791
Lord Russell of Killowen, Collis P. Huntington, and William Steinitz. Portraits	792
American Tourists. Drawn by LUCIUS HITCHCOCK	793
The Advance on Pretoria.—IV. WILLIAM DINWIDDIE. With Photographs by the Author	794
Peking and Tientsin. Photographs	796–97
Korea of To-day. MARY GAY HUMPHREYS. Illustrated with Photographs	798
The Zinc-Field of Arkansas. WALTER B. STEVENS. Illustrated with Photographs	799
The Progress of the Campaign	801
The Fishermen of San Francisco. Drawn by W. A. ROGERS	802
Mr. Dooley: On Voices from the Tomb. F. P. DUNNE	803
The Quality of Mercy. C. M. HARGER. With an Illustration by LUCIUS HITCHCOCK	804
Uncle Jeff. Pettingill at the Paris Exposition.—X. Drawn by PETER NEWELL	805
Notes of a Bookman. E. D. BEACH	806
Finance. AMOS K. FISKE	807

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Miss Mary Pierce. Miss Laura Conger.

THE PRISONERS OF PEKING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY THE CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY," JUNE 1, 1900, IN THE COMPOUND OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(*TWENTY-FOUR PAGES*)

NEW YORK CITY, AUGUST 25, 1900

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Chinese Reorganization

ONE of the obvious lessons of the recent complications in China is that the Chinese Empire can never be governed by other than the Chinese people. The feeling of resentment against all Europeans is too deep-seated among the masses to encourage the hope that the supremacy of any one or of all the European nations working together will ever be tolerated in the Celestial Empire, and outside of the continent of Europe there is no nation capable of the task that has the slightest desire to undertake it. The situation, therefore, amounts practically to a triumph of English and American ideas as to the proper course to be taken in the East. It has always been the insistent proposition, both of England and of the United States, that the integrity of the Chinese Empire should be maintained at any cost. From the schemes for territorial aggrandizement upon which other nations have embarked the British Empire and the American Republic have held aloof; have, in fact, been pronounced opponents of all plans looking toward the partition of Chinese territory, seeking only the right to do business in a friendly spirit, unmolested and unmolesting. This has been the key-note of the American policy throughout the recent troubles, and we believe that it is because the Chinese authorities have recognized our sincerity in the premises—as well as our firmness in respect to the possibilities of inflicting punishment upon the offenders if reported outrages should in the end turn out to have been perpetrated—that American diplomacy has been able to do more toward eliciting the real truth and bringing the Chinese to terms than that of all the chancelleries of Europe combined.

Now that things are coming to a focus, it would perhaps be wise for the Administration to prepare some general scheme of reorganization of the Chinese Empire, to be submitted tentatively, of course, to the reorganizing powers—for an inevitable result of the complications must be a thorough reorganization of the empire. The Chinese themselves evidently recognize the fact that their only hope for future intercourse with the rest of the world lies in a drastic reform of their methods of government and the removal of their capital to the sea-coast. No civilized nation will ever again send an envoy to China to be exposed to such dangers as have for the past three months confronted the legations at Peking, and unless these radical reforms are instituted, the real friends of China who are striving to keep her out of the hands of the land-grabbing nations of Europe will see all their efforts rendered of no avail, since it is not to be tolerated that this vast field for new enterprise shall be closed to the rest of mankind. It becomes, therefore, for the Chinese, a question of reform or of dissolution. A natural sequence to our American policy is to do all that is reasonably within our power to prevent the dissolution and to bring about the reform, and if, in addition to this, we can constructively aid the unfortunate empire, so much the better for them and for ourselves. From no Foreign Office could suggestions for reform come with greater weight than from our own Department of State, and it is certain that any plan which the United States might advise would be received by the Chinese themselves with less suspicion than if it had emanated from a European or even from the British government.

It would not, on the whole, be at all a bad idea for China to go into the hands of a receiver and to appoint Uncle Sam to that distinguished office. He is quite equal to the task, and would, in all probability, before many days, reorganize the moribund institution from top to bottom, and in such fashion that China, instead of being a constant menace to the peace of the world, would begin life anew and become a useful factor in the development of civilization. The reward for such a service would undoubtedly be of the richest; we should occupy a commanding position in the commerce of the East; and if, having the opportunity to take that to which we have no right, we resisted the temptation, we should set thereby an example to the nations of Europe, which some of them sadly need, the moral value of which cannot be too highly estimated.

One of the greatest opportunities in history now confronts the American people.

Anti-Imperialist Literature

THE literature of the Anti-Imperialist Convention at Indianapolis forms interesting, if not edifying, reading. We trust, however, that it may be kept out of the hands of the young, for anything more essentially unmoral and unpatriotic has yet to be developed, since the days of the Copperheads during the civil war. First comes the remarkable address of the Hon. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL, a gentleman whose past services to his country have been so great that we should have been justified in expecting better things at his hands, and who in his old age inferentially proclaims the doctrine that certain dishonor is preferable to possible death, of which only he and a few of his fellows are fearful—a lofty moral sentiment to be publicly expressed by a man who has hitherto been known as a person of high ideals and no little intelligence! Next to Mr. BOUTWELL'S utterance comes that of Mr. EDWIN BURRITT SMITH, a patriot of Chicago, who, while 60,000 American troops at the peril of their lives are doing their utmost to suppress a rebellion which is the only obstacle in the way of the formation of a stable, a free, and an independent government in the Philippines, refers to the firm and inevitable course of the Administration as "damnable treachery." And finally, in addition to fiery periods in behalf of a policy of scuttle by Mr. GAMALIEL BRADFORD, of Boston, General BEATTY of Ohio, and others, comes the letter of that doughty orator the Hon. BOURKE COCKRAN, of New York, who, forgetful of a memorable address delivered four years ago against the policy of free riot and debased currency then as now advocated by Mr. BRYAN, now hails the Populist candidate not only as "one of the most salutary influences of this generation in our political life," but as the person to whom this country certainly is indebted for the gold-standard law! If in the excitement of a political address from a public platform, surrounded by 10,000 cheering admirers, Mr. COCKRAN had permitted himself to make any such absurd declaration as this, there might have been some excuse for it. That he should sit calmly at his desk and in sober reflection write or dictate such nonsense is inconceivable. The wonder of it will come if Mr. COCKRAN before the campaign is over does not proclaim GEORGE III. as the author of our liberties.

A Suggestion

THE Republican National Committee could not do better than to publish these unpatriotic speeches and this absurd letter in a small pamphlet for discriminating circulation. The trend of every chapter could not fail to be observed by right-minded clear-thinking men. And if added to this there might be printed the extract from a letter of a member of Mr. BOUTWELL'S League to a prominent Filipino rebel, which we append, the effect would be complete. The extract is as follows:

> I am a member of the Anti-Imperialist League of Boston, of which George S. Boutwell is president and Erving Winslow is secretary. I have published many articles and letters denouncing the piratical war carried on by President McKinley against your people. He and General Otis and all of his troops are pirates upon the territory of the natives. Our Presidents are not in the position of kings. Our Presidents are not in the least authorized to make war without the consent of Congress, as McKinley is doing, and all persons compromised in this war are pirates.
>
> I should like to suggest a plan to you. It is this: You should seize some official of rank in the service of the United States and then inform the foreign consuls that he was to be brought before a council of war for piracy, and write to said consuls to have representatives present at such council of war to see that it is legal.
>
> Piracy would be shown by conducting a war in violation of the usages of civilized war, and the proof would consist in the fact of the consent to killing defenceless prisoners and non-combatants, men, women, and children, in cold blood, and in robbery by officers and soldiers from non-combatants.

When the Anti-Imperialists begin to talk of "damnable treachery" in the camps of others it might be well for them to take care that their own house is set in order.

A Democratic View

HOW Democrats of the sterling sort regard the work in which these gentlemen are engaged is shown in the attitude toward them of the Hon. ABRAM S. HEWITT, of which we have already spoken in an earlier number of the WEEKLY, and later of Mr. THOMAS F. RYAN, until this year a Democrat of the sturdiest type, and no less a Democrat now because he prefers voting for national honor to casting a ballot for Populism, Scuttle, and Shame, who says of the Imperialism plank in the BRYAN platform that—

> It is the most unpatriotic utterance that has come from any assemblage of men claiming to be loyal citizens in the history of this country. It will nerve the hands of the country's enemies wherever they are to be found. Resistance to the United States authority in the Philippines is being assisted every day by the so-called Anti-Imperialists. They are lending moral support to guerilla warfare and rebellion in the islands. The attempt to make an issue of rebellion and to poll the Democratic party in favor of pulling down our flag at Manila and marching home our army in disgrace insults the history of the Democratic party and is an affront to every true American.

An Unpublished Cartoon

IN paying its respects to HARPER'S WEEKLY, a Kentucky contemporary of the BRYAN order, the *Louisville Times* by name, observes with some show of heat that our "pictorial representation of Mr. BRYAN abetting the Chinese Boxers, and snatching from imperilled Americans the protection of our flag, is born of a venom which a rattlesnake would scorn."

These be beautiful words, but they are chiefly interesting because no such pictorial representation of Mr. BRYAN has appeared in the pages of HARPER'S WEEKLY. The malicious conception of such a cartoon must be accredited to the gentleman who wrote the paragraph in our Kentucky contemporary, and we are willing to leave it to any fair-minded rattlesnake if it is not a venomous thing for the father of a bad idea, fully realizing its iniquitous qualities, to try to foist this child of his fancy upon the shoulders of another and wholly innocent party.

Mr. Bryan's Jest

MR. BRYAN gave a quick and happy turn to the chance remark of one of his audience at the meeting of the United Irish Societies of Cook County the other day. Naturally pleased by certain observations the candidate had made concerning the Irish people, one of the gathering cried out, "Your name should be O'BRIEN." To which Mr. BRYAN immediately replied: "My friend has tried to ingratiate me into your favor by suggesting that my name is O'BRIEN, and not BRYAN. If the gentleman knew as much about it as I do, he would know that 'BRYAN' is the original name, and 'O'BRIEN' a derivation. When BRYAN became King he put on the 'O,' and 'O'BRIENS' are the descendants of the King, while the 'BRYANS' are the common people, and never get stuck up about a relative being a King."

This was clever, quick, and suggestive. Clever because quick, and suggestive because it brings up a vision, authorized by the candidate himself, and based upon history, as the candidate asserts it, of the BRYAN habit when elevated to a position of power.

The chances are sixteen to one that if Mr. BRYAN is elected President of the United States he will play the "O" for all it is worth, and beyond all question the prosperity of the country will share the zero with him.

"This Busy World"

IN reply to numerous inquiries and many protests we desire to say that the suspension of Mr. E. S. MARTIN'S department, "This Busy World," is only temporary. In spite of the delightful and continuously sustained quality of his work, Mr. MARTIN is only mortal, and, like the rest of us, occasionally finds it to his advantage to take a vacation. Our readers cannot miss the Department more than we do, and are no more sincerely anxious to have it resumed than ourselves.

It is expected that in the next issue of the WEEKLY "This Busy World" will again be found in its accustomed place, a constant source of joy to every one, from compositor to reader.

MR. BRYAN'S EFFORT to SHIRK the ISSUE

MR. BRYAN'S Indianapolis speech of acceptance was eloquent, persuasive, and able in an unusual degree. It was, indeed, a very notable example of what Talleyrand meant when he said that the chief function of language is to conceal thought. It was a striking illustration of what fervid oratory, adroit sophistry, and skilful suppression can accomplish in making "the worse appear the better reason."

Mr. Bryan made an astonishing blunder at Kansas City. He tried hard at Indianapolis to avert the consequences of his mistake. If he failed in that purpose, it was not for lack of eloquence, or rhetorical skill, or ingenuity in the art of intellectual misleading, but because the blunder was too alarming to be forgotten, too seriously threatening to be put aside. When he forced into his platform the most arrogant threat that has ever been made against the honor of the nation, the integrity of money and of contracts, and the personal prosperity of the great mass of the people, he raised a spectre that will not now down at his bidding. Men who hold the national honor in sacred respect cannot forget that Mr. Bryan has menaced it as no man and no party has ever done since the people made an end of the greenback heresy and its progeny, the proposal to repudiate the entire national debt by paying off the government bonds in irredeemable paper notes. Men whose bread and butter depend upon their wages, and men who have little hoards put by against need in the savings-banks, cannot be blinded to the fact that Mr. Bryan has voluntarily and vehemently pledged himself, if clothed with power, to secure legislation diminishing the purchasing power of their wages by one-half, and reducing the value of their savings in like proportion.

From beginning to end of his speech, the candidate who had telegraphed to Kansas City that he would not accept a nomination except upon a platform threat of free silver, uttered not one word upon that subject, thus making his speech more eloquent in what it did not say than in all that it said. Manifestly he has learned the lesson which he refused to learn before, and is trying now to do what he then angrily protested that he would never do, namely, to push the issue of 16 to 1 into the background and conceal it behind the straw bugaboo of an imagined danger from alleged imperialistic tendencies. He is trying now to give to honest-money Democrats that chance to return to their party allegiance which he refused to let the Kansas City convention give them. He is trying to push the 16-to-1 menace to prosperity into the background, as the wiser men in the convention wanted to do, and would have done but for his untempered zeal in making it more than ever a party shibboleth.

But while Mr. Bryan says nothing now on this subject, the menace that he forced into his platform, as a condition without which he would not accept a nomination, remains in full force and effect. Every intelligent voter knows that if Mr. Bryan is elected he will enter upon his office pledged, in the strongest terms that even his masterful rhetoric has been able to invent, to the policy of repudiation, dishonest money, and industrial revolution. For while Mr. Bryan finds it prudent not to ask attention to his threat, he says not one word in retraction of it. While he tries to divert popular attention to spook issues, the real issue remains in full force to appall men of sense and give pause to men with prudence enough to have put money into the savings-banks, or to know that the word "dollar" means no more than what a dollar will buy. In brief, Mr. Bryan has not recanted the heresy for which he was so tremendously condemned in 1896.

Mr. Bryan asks us to ignore this threat of dishonor to the nation and destruction to the prosperity of the people, to disregard his purpose of cutting every man's wages in two, his menace to the welfare of every man's wife and children, on the plea that these are merely "domestic issues," unworthy of attention in comparison with the question of setting up the mongrel population of the Philippine Islands in the business of running a republic, "personally conducted" by carpet-baggers to be selected by himself.

There is absolutely no reason to suppose that voters generally will be misled by such a plea. It has never been the custom of American men to regard "domestic issues" as of smaller consequence than questions concerning barbarians on the other side of the earth. On the contrary, they have always insisted that the first duty of government is to maintain peace, tranquillity, and the conditions of liberty at home, to promote "the general welfare," as the Constitution puts it, and quite secondarily to concern itself with "abroad." It will be very difficult indeed to persuade Americans of ordinary intelligence that they ought to permit Mr. Bryan to wreck their prosperity, reduce the value of their wages, and cut their little savings in twain, in order to carry out a theory in the Philippine archipelago which is apparently and utterly inapplicable to the conditions there existing. It will be difficult to persuade them that "domestic issues" which involve their bread and butter and the education of their children should be put aside in favor of an experiment for which human history furnishes no precedent whatever.

Mr. Bryan tells us that in the event of his election he will call Congress into extraordinary session next March, to legislate for the establishment of a republic in the Philippines. He contends that the broad generalizations of the Declaration of Independence apply without reserve or restriction to all men everywhere, regardless of their capacity or incapacity to maintain orderly government; and in support of that doctrine he quotes the utterances of Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, three slaveholders who had no more notion of applying their doctrines in that indiscriminate way than they had of leaving the red savages of the plains to institute what governments they might see fit to ordain, and to assert their liberty by ravaging white settlements. If any of them had meant what Mr. Bryan cites their utterances as intending, Mr. Bryan's Nebraska farm and all the State in which it lies would to-day be a howling wilderness, ruled by some clay-bedaubed savage whose tribal authority would rest securely upon the "consent of the governed." Broad principles of right are not meant to be thus misapplied, and Mr. Bryan perfectly well knows the fact. He knows that if doctrinaire declarations had been pushed to such extremes in the past, there would now be no United States of America for him or anybody else to preside over, no contracts for him to invalidate, no currency for him to debase.

Further than this, Mr. Bryan perfectly knows that the Congress which he proposes to call together to set up a Philippine republic would never think of doing anything of the kind. It would of necessity recognize the truth set forth in Mr. Bryan's own platform, that because of their conspicuous unfitness for republican self-government "the Filipinos cannot be citizens without *endangering our civilization*." It could not possibly do more for them than what Mr. McKinley himself promised in his speech of acceptance, namely, that we shall, in the Philippines, "establish a just and generous government in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation of which they are capable." What more than this can any sane American sentiment desire?

It is out of such flimsy stuff as this that the spook issue of "Imperialism" is made.

But Mr. Bryan's Congress in extraordinary session would not be idle. House Bill No. 1 would be a bill to provide for the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 into full legal-tender money. It would decree the lapse of this nation to the financial level of Mexico and the Central and South American States, where commerce is carried on, so far as it can be carried on at all, upon a basis of 100 per cent. premium for exchange. It would decree the instant and immeasurably paralyzing contraction of our currency by the withdrawal of $700,000,000 of gold coin now in use; by the stoppage of gold coinage, now amounting to about $80,000,000 a year; and by the reduction of all our paper money to less than one-half—scarcely more than one-third, in fact—of its present purchasing power. It would decree the paralysis of industry, the destruction of commerce, the stoppage of trade, and the impoverishment of the people. It would work the reduction of wages, the repudiation of debts, the halving of all investments, and the doubling of all rents and living expenses of working-men. And House Bill No. 1 would be enacted into law before midsummer of 1901. A Senate dependent upon the free-silver President for the political future of its members, with its aggressive free-silver vote re-enforced by new elections in the States carried by Mr. Bryan, and with its weak-kneed members encouraged to relapse by the seeming expression of the popular will in behalf of free coinage, neither would nor could offer any effective resistance to Mr. Bryan's programme.

The extra session which Mr. Bryan declares his purpose to call could do nothing for the Filipinos beyond what Mr. McKinley, under authority from a Republican Congress, intends and will very certainly carry out. But in the event of Mr. Bryan's election it could and would work immeasurable harm to all the industries and all the people of the country. This is a "domestic issue," it is true. But it vitally concerns the welfare of every American citizen, and every American citizen's wife, and every American citizen's children. Even the most eloquent "patter" that it is possible for perfervid oratory to devise should not divert any American voter's attention from this truth.

Mr. Bryan openly confesses, in this speech of his, that he favored the ratification of the treaty which made the Philippine Islands ours. He declares that he favored it on the ground that the United States could be trusted, as Spain could not, to give the Filipinos a stable and just government, with as much of self-government as they are capable of exercising. That is precisely what the present Administration and Mr. McKinley in person propose to give to the Filipinos. Mr. Bryan dares not propose to do more. He talks in glittering generalities about "independence" for the Filipinos, but he does not even outline a plan by which a population of eight million men, mostly savages, shall be set up in the business of governing themselves as an independent nation. On the contrary, he and his platform talk of an "American protectorate" as a manifest necessity, and beyond that the present Administration has at no time thought of going in the permanent exercise of this nation's power. In brief, Mr. Bryan suggests no other Philippine policy than that which Mr. McKinley has consistently pursued. He can suggest none more consonant with our Constitution and our fundamental conceptions of government in its relation to human rights. But at Indianapolis he felt himself obliged to say something to distract attention from the real meaning of his candidacy, from the destructive tendency of his policy, and from the certainty of disaster that his election would of necessity involve. So he talked "Anti-Imperialism" without troubling himself to say what "Imperialism" means, or to point out any fact calculated to show that anybody in this broad land contemplates a policy of "Imperialism."

"IF ELECTED, I SHALL CONVENE CONGRESS IN EXTRAORDINARY SESSION."

MINISTER CONGER IN THE UNITED STATES LEGATION COMPOUND JUNE 2, 1900.
This is the latest photograph of Mr. Conger. Two days after it was taken communication with the outside world was cut off.

AMMUNITION FOR THE BRITISH TROOPS BEING CONVEYED TO THE TRAIN ABOUT TO START FROM TIENTSIN TO PEKING.

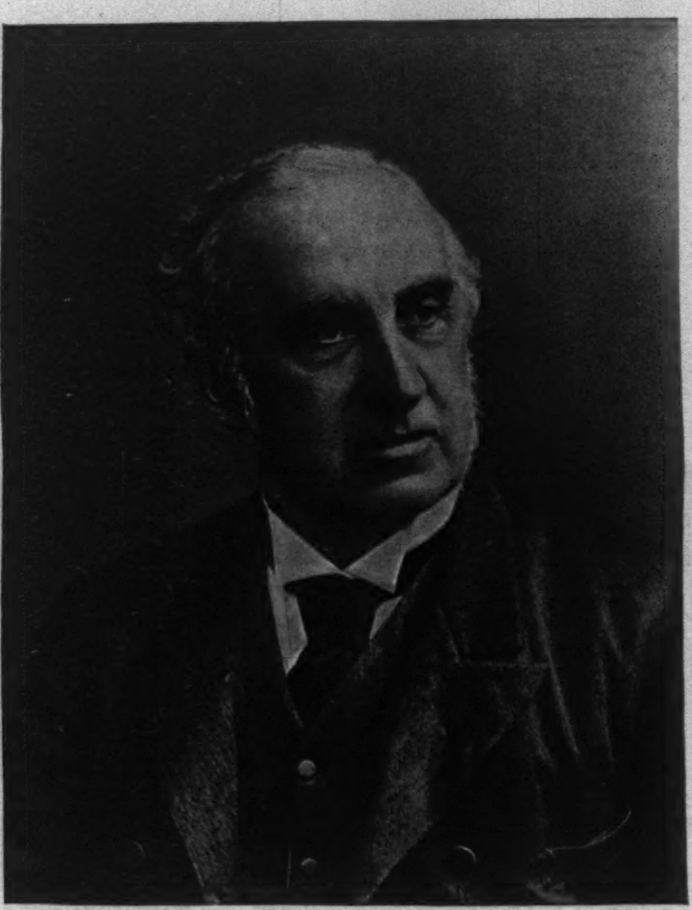
THE CROWD IN LEGATION STREET, PEKING, IN FRONT OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, JUNE 1, 1900.

THE CRISIS IN CHINA—SCENES IN THE CENTRES OF DISTURBANCE.

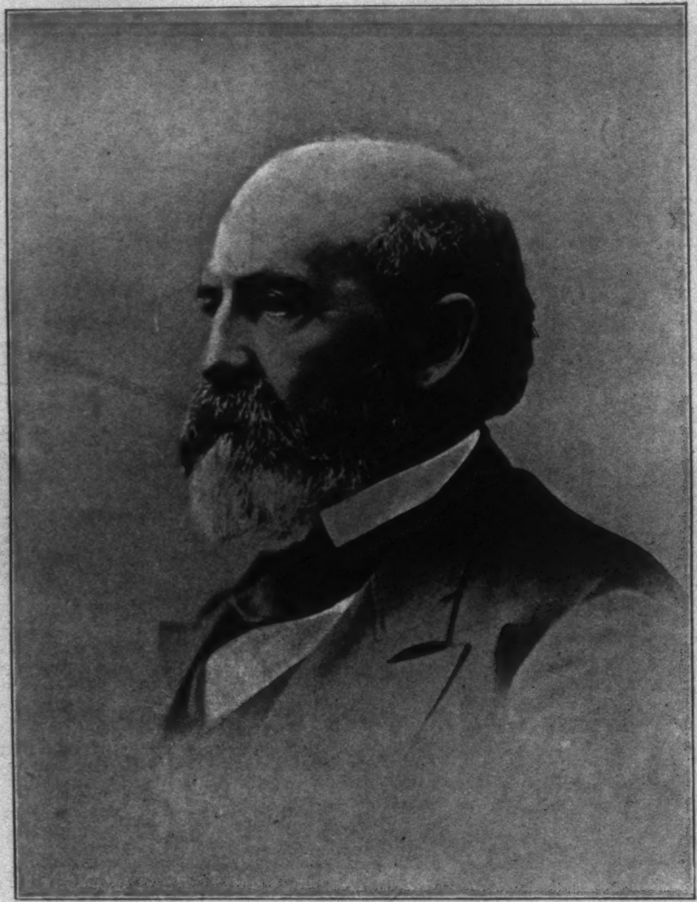
A DETACHMENT OF BRITISH BLUEJACKETS ENTERING SHANGHAI JUNE 14, 1900.

A LANDING PARTY OF FRENCH SAILORS WITH FIELD-GUNS.

FOREIGN TROOPS IN CHINA.



LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN.



COLLIS POTTER HUNTINGTON.
Photograph by Taber.

Collis Potter Huntington

COLLIS P. HUNTINGTON, known throughout the United States as one of its foremost "railroad magnates" and millionaires, died suddenly at his Adirondack camp, Pine Knot Lodge, on Mohegan Lake, in the Blue Mountain region of the Adirondacks, on August 14, a few minutes before midnight. He was seventy-nine years old. He had been in good health all his life, and although he had reached an advanced age, he never was willing to believe that he was really old.

Mr. Huntington was born poor, on October 22, 1821, in the village of Harwinton, Connecticut. When he began life for himself he earned $84 the first year. With this $84 he purchased a supply of clocks, which he peddled around among Connecticut towns and made money thereby. When he was twenty-one he came to New York and bought general merchandise, which he peddled throughout the country. Then he opened a general store in Oneonta, New York. When the Pacific gold craze came he took $1200 and started for the coast with the idea of going into business there. Arriving at Panama he found there was no vessel to take him to California, and he engaged in peddling goods there, trudging across the isthmus no less than twenty-four times. Then he worked his way to California as a sailor, his capital having been increased from $1200 to $5000. After that he opened a store in Sacramento, where he met Hopkins, Stanford, and Crocker, and the other men who came out of the gold discovery there as great millionaires.

Huntington conceived the idea of building a railroad from California to Utah to meet the Union Pacific and got Congress to practically back the scheme. The road was finished in 1869, and Mr. Huntington ever since had been one of the great railroad men of the United States. He soon got control of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and when he died was president of twenty-six corporations, owning more than 9000 miles of railroad track, and operating 5000 miles of steamship lines. In the East, he got control of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, and before he sold it thoroughly established it as a leading railroad system of the country. He was largely interested in the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

Perhaps the most striking monument to his industry was the creation of the city of Newport News as a great shipping centre and home of industry. In 1881, when he made his first investment in the place, there were five houses there. Now there are 25,000 persons in the city, the real estate of the place is worth $11,000,000, the city exports $35,000,000 worth of goods annually, and the largest ship-yard in the United States is established there.

It is estimated that Mr. Huntington's wealth aggregated about $25,000,000. He had a great camp in the Adirondacks, a palatial house in New York which he never occupied, and other residences in California and in the East which were less pretentious. He was twice married, but had no children. His nephew, H. E. Huntington, is looked upon by some as his probable successor in the railroad business. His adopted son, Archer M Huntington, is a student whose specialty is the romance languages. He has no tastes for business life. His niece and adopted daughter, Clara, eleven years ago was married to Prince Francis Edmund Joseph Gabriel von Hatzfeldt.

Mr. Huntington never figured extensively in the political life of the country so far as office-holding was concerned. Underneath the surface, he was gentle and kind and liked to give young men a start. He believed in thrift. He was fond of poetry and read a great deal. He was tall, heavily built, had a white beard, and almost invariably wore a skull-cap. He was relentless toward an enemy, absolutely faithful to his friends, but perhaps his greatest characteristic was his patience. He believed in the gospel of work, and thought that the Man with a Hoe had a distinct mission in life and was much to be envied when compared with "the incapables" who had been brought up to despise manual labor and who were a drag on the rest of mankind. So thoroughly grounded was Mr. Huntington in this belief that within a year, through a New York newspaper, he offered an anonymous prize of several hundred dollars for the best poem to combat the sentiments expressed in Edward Markham's poem, "The Man with a Hoe." The competition did not bring out any poems of noteworthy merit, but Mr. Huntington was none the less sincere in his desire to glorify and extol the man who could and would work with his hands.

WILLIAM STEINITZ,
Champion Chess-player of the World, 1866–1894.
Born in Prague, Bohemia, May 14, 1836.
Died in New York, August 12, 1900.

The Late Baron Russell

BARON RUSSELL of Killowen, Lord Chief Justice of England, who died at Kensington on August 10, was the first Irishman and the first Roman Catholic who had filled the offices of Attorney-General and of Lord Chief Justice of England since the Reformation. He succeeded Lord Coleridge as Chief Justice. He was known not only in Great Britain as a clever lawyer and an able jurist, but his reputation and friendships extended to this country, where twice he had been a most welcome guest. Personally he was a thorough student in legal matters, was a lover of racing and other athletic sports, was fond of society life, and withal was a keen and witty Irishman in whose make-up there was a delightful mixture of humor and of deep religious sentiment. He was born at Newry, County Down, on November 10, 1832, of a family of small gentry that had been settled in Ulster for six hundred years and had always retained its Catholic faith.

Young Russell began the study of law in Belfast and then took a course in Trinity College, Dublin, an unusual step for a Catholic to take. He was admitted to the bar in 1859, and first attracted public attention as a cross-examiner in the notorious Irish case of Yelverton *vs.* Yelverton. After that he was employed in many cases that secured public notice. He was counsel for Mr. Labouchere in many libel suits against *Truth*, and he was retained by Lady Colin-Campbell in her divorce suit. He defended Mrs. Maybrick and never ceased to believe in her innocence. He was one of the counsel of Great Britain on the Bering Sea arbitration case at Paris. His most celebrated case was that of Mr. Parnell's suit against the *Times*, in which he laid bare the famous Piggott forgeries. He was first elected to Parliament in 1880. In 1886 Mr. Gladstone made him Attorney-General and he was knighted. When the Gladstone administration returned to power in 1892, he again became Attorney-General. Lord Rosebery, in May, 1894, made him a Lord Justice of Appeal in Ordinary. He was then made a life peer with a title of Baron Russell of Killowen in the County of Down. A few weeks later, on the death of Lord Coleridge, he was made Chief Justice. His most conspicuous service that he rendered to Great Britain outside of his judicial duties was to act as one of the British arbitrators in the Venezuela boundary question.

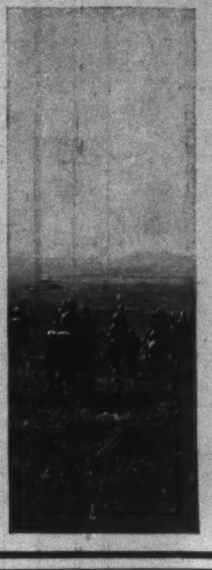
As a judge Baron Russell instituted many practical reforms, and also established a court for commercial cases. He did away with much red-tape, and had the distinction of applying the principles of common-sense rather than of involved legal procedure to the settlement of many cases. It was his hope to clear away a great deal of rubbish from the accumulation of precedent that abounds in the practice of law in England. He first visited the United States in 1883. The next visit was in 1896, when he delivered the chief address at the meeting of the American Bar Association in Saratoga. The subject of the address was "Arbitration," and it attracted widespread attention as a scholarly effort. His kindly references to the United States and his confidence that a more cordial feeling would soon come to exist between this country and England pleased his auditors, and he had the satisfaction of living to see that what he had predicted would occur had become a reality.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION—A PARTY OF AMERICAN TOURISTS WITH A "COOK'S" GUIDE VISITING THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.—DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK.

The Advance on Pretoria
IV. Over the VAAL to JOHANNESBURG

At the Vaal

By WILLIAM DINWIDDIE



Down the Rand

GENERAL HAMILTON'S forces had made contact with Lord Roberts at Vredefort Station, after their long and trying march to the eastward through Lindley and Heilbron. From here they were immediately ordered out to the left flank, across the railroad to the westward this time, with instructions to reach and cross the Vaal as promptly as possible. Nearly an all day's halt was necessary while the main supply column wagons rerationed the division, and then, at 3 P.M., began the trek for the Vaal River and the Transvaal, only one day's travel distant. The 17th Lancers and New South Wales rushed ahead with two days' rations in their haversacks.

Lord Roberts's army and miles upon miles of wagons were solemnly marching past. It was a wonderful sight; an invincible mass moving steadily northward, like some ponderous machine, and some time, it mattered not when particularly, it would crush the poor Boer army in its mighty folds. There is no talk now of finishing the little job the British army has in hand within a month or two. It has taken an immense force to do it, and the lesson has been taught that, in future warfare, an invading army must, from necessity, have an overwhelming number if it is to successfully combat those who fight on the defensive, in a territory of strong natural positions and a scarcity of food supplies. Rather, one now hears complimentary remarks made by British officers on all sides about the bravery of the Boers, usually finished with, "They are very good chaps." This is patronizing, of course, but the bump of self-esteem in the Britisher is so tremendous that, in his relation to men of other nations, he will, for many a long year yet, tend to treat them with the polite condescension of a superior mortal.

It should be related that the work of the railroad engineers has been simply marvellous. Every bridge of consequence—and there were many large ones—had been destroyed to the Zand River, while from above that point the use of dynamite seized the Boers like a hysteria, and, not content with blowing immense steel spans high into the air, and scattering them over acres of country, they now were exploding every small culvert and dynamiting the rails themselves in foolish frenzy, until the track bristled with curled and distorted steel posts. At the destruction of the track itself the British engineers smiled in amusement; the bridges were the serious problems; and even here, what the Boers considered effective stops to rapid advance, estimating a month or more delay, were passed around by deviations in three or four days. The Zand, for example, required a mile and a half of track to let the road run down the steep banks in gentle gradient and out again, and trains passed over this stream in four days. The Boer engineers, it is said, calculated that at least two months would be required. What a shock it must be to the Transvaaler to discover that this so badly shattered steel pathway leading to Pretoria is being repaired almost as fast as the army can march forward!

It was just growing dark as the Lancers and Colonials urged their weary horses through the impeding sands for the last mile to the banks of the Vaal. It was a ticklish proceeding for a thousand men to advance boldly to the drift across this river at Boschbank, for it had been the boast of the Boers that over that glistening water, whose further shore was the land of the Transvaal Republic, no British soldier should ever pass. It was an idle threat, perhaps principally voiced in national song, for strategically the Vaal, with its miles of flat country on either side, is difficult to defend. Not a shot came from the opposite bank, as the New South Wales dashed into the rocky stream-bed, and out at last on Transvaal soil. Mounted patrols were posted a mile from the river, and a squadron or two remained in reserve near the water, but the major portion of the troops floundered painfully back to the Free State and bivouacked for the night.

When daylight came, all fears of an attack were dispelled, for less than ten miles westward General French was heliographing from the broken kopjes of Lindeque. His division, as already observed, had crossed the Vaal at Parija, and now was moving northeasterly on Johannesburg.

The crossing of the Vaal formed a most magnificent pageant at Boschbank, and yet this was but one division of many, many miles separated, which were almost simultaneously streaming over this historic river. To prevent this crossing at all successfully would have required the active participation and co-operation of the estimated original Transvaal force of thirty-five to forty thousand men. For some reason the Boer army no longer materializes. It is positively stated by prisoners from their side, and civilians left in the towns, that at no place since leaving Bloemfontein have there been more than four thousand Boers opposing the British army. At the Zand River there were probably twelve thousand, all told, and the same number was estimated for the Rhenoster, but they did not stay to fight. The Free-Staters, who had enrolled probably two thousand burghers on commando, had practically laid down their arms, not actually turning them in to the government in any great numbers, but returning as peaceful farmers to their estates, and probably burying their rifles in the ground for future reference.

If a Boer army existed, everything pointed to a retreat and concentration at Johannesburg or Pretoria. After the wonderful boasting of months past, certainly a tremendous final battle would be fought at one of these places—so every one believed, and so every officer and man in the ranks prayed.

On Sunday, May 27, Lord Roberts had crossed the Vaal at Vereeniging on the railroad. General French—who has a pernicious habit of starting his force into activity at 2 A.M. these very cold mornings—was pushing hurriedly on to Johannesburg and the Klip River, having had a slight fight the day before with a commando of Boers. Hamilton, who had the shortest line to march on the City of Gold, began an advance at daylight.

The entire advance for Sunday was but fifteen miles, leaving the first range of mountains five miles before; Generals French and Hutton were in camp a mile or more nearer. From the ragged kopje-tops the Boers must have thought the entire British army was coming against them, for twenty thousand men were scattered far and wide over the plain, and the wagon trains streamed out behind in clouds of dust to the rear, to be lost beyond the horizon-line.

From a flat plain, over which we had travelled fifteen miles, the topography suddenly broke into bristling hills. As the base of the first kopje was turned, the eye caught a vision of ragged hills clustered together in confusion of size, form, and disposition—a magnificent place for the enemy to make a stand.

Slowly the scouts rode in towards the steep hill-side covered with masses of rocks. In the suspense of the onlooker the wait seems interminable, though in reality the men are boldly trotting and galloping forward, with the intention of becoming living targets for a waiting enemy. Pop—pop; just a single shot, and one rider turns his horse's head, having heard the bullet zip past his head. Pop—pop—pop—pop pop; and a dozen Mausers drive the cruel little pellets in a swarm at other riders. Back come the scouts, some galloping hard as the bullets hiss about them, some cantering easily, and one dare-devil fellow halts his animal and drives a shot or two in return at the towering rocks.

Not a human being is in sight on that kopje; there may be several thousand men hidden there, each with only an eye cautiously exposed while they draw a bead on the Englishmen, or there may be but a scant handful. Squads of mounted infantrymen are set to riding toward the hill, and a battery of artillery is dragging up in the foreground, under a protecting swell in the plain. Far to the left and far to the right some squads travel, outflanking the ends of the hill by the manœuvre, while others are scattered along the entire face. This movement must, in a few minutes, determine the strength of the enemy with little danger of much loss of life. It seems inconceivable that these methods of simple strategy should have been adopted so late in the campaign, and that officers with cerebrating powers should not have recognized the disaster which must result to a large body of troops hurled in frontal attack against these impregnable positions, when they are held by a few determined men.

Squad after squad gains sheltered position in rocky hollows against the sides of the towering hill; the squad to the left has passed around the narrow end and is scaling the more gentle slope. Only a desultory sniping comes from the eminence, but perhaps they are playing a waiting game. Now comes a perfect fusillade of small-arms far on the right; that squad has wakened the enemy up in the attempt to flank them. It is their line of retreat down one of the great main roads to Johannesburg, and to the tumbled hills across the Klip River.

General French had struck it, and a mighty roar of artillery and pom-poms opened, far down in the valley and from the jagged mountains beyond. His force has been quietly moving down to the Klip River, over the road to the left; they had crossed the bridge, which the enemy had failed to destroy, a few shots had been fired by the Boers, and then, apparently, they retreated. French, confident that he was going straight into Johannesburg, pushed ahead, and behind followed his huge wagon train. In fact, both French and Hutton passed their transports of hundreds of wagons and thousands of mules and oxen over this single bridge, right in the face of the frowning peaks and mighty ridges. An artillery duel royal had opened up, with the advantage in the enemy's hands. The Boers may not fight, but the German artillerists, with the assistance of Colonel Blake's Irish-American Brigade, will, when they find a good opportunity to pound the British, and seldom in the latter day had they had a better chance. From the crown of the rocky kopjes, with Hamilton's forces, French's and Hutton's thousands could be seen doggedly hugging tight behind very small ridges, while just back of them rose streaky puffs of dust by the dozens, as the one-pound shells tore over their heads, and here and there, as fast as one could count slowly, twelve and fifteen pounders and Long Tom shells made big blown holes in the ground, or burst as shrapnel with white puffs of smoke high in the air.

French was getting his little guns into action in twos and threes, until the roar of cannon was almost continuous; the big thunderous reverberations of the Boer Long Toms were answered by the shorter barking of twelve-pounders, and the confusion of sound was punctuated by the pom-pom-pom of the Vicker-Maxims from both sides. For several hours it was impossible to locate a Boer gun, and the British firing seemed merely a random pounding of the distant hills on the left, from which rose dimly the towering smoke-stacks of the mines of the Rand—our first view of the region of gold which has caused all this war and bloodshed. Almost in front of Hamilton's position, four miles away, up among the hills, across the river, suddenly rose a spurt of smoke, expanded and drifted away in the light air. Twenty seconds pass and the hoarse-throated Long Tom reaches the ear. Again and again it comes, and a hundred pairs of field-glasses watching for the fall of the shells discover that the gun is enfilading French's soldiers, who are popping away at right angles toward the Rand. A beautiful position for this long-range gun, fully five miles away, tucked snugly between the hills, with a series of ugly ranges between it and the enemy. They can reach us with more ease than they can French, and no doubt have been anxiously hoping that Hamilton would move his twelve thousand men out on the practically level valley, three miles wide, before them. For fully two hours the Boers keep this gun in action without those who are under fire knowing where the five-inch shells, which tear up the ground in immense clouds of dirt and flying rock, are coming from; then a little shell is seen to land in the vicinity of the big gun, but far wide of the true position. Though French's main force can do nothing more than hold tight under the protection of every obtruding rock, the doughty little general is shoving up his pea-shooting artillery against the heavier guns.

Hour after hour the duel goes on, until the sun sets fierce and bloody through the lowering clouds of smoke from the shell-fired grass, and then, one by one, the steel throats of heated cannon become silent, though even after the darkness has fallen so that only the outlines of hills may be seen against the sky, some single piece still growls, and a restless pom-pom yaps with a shrill bark.

There would be a great fight to-morrow, and everybody went to sleep in the cold night air contented. The

THE 17TH LANCERS MOVING ON JOHANNESBURG.

Boer army had at last made up its mind to stand and defend Johannesburg and her gold-mines; perhaps the entire forty, sixty, or whatever thousands constituted the Boer army, were here to make their last desperate fight. The weary thousands of British soldiers, who had so incessantly marched from Bloemfontein without ever coming up to anything except the enemy's rear-guard, really laughed with glee; that battle meant death and blood, and sorrowing of dear ones at home, was sunk beneath the martial spirit and the ecstasy and excitement of meeting the enemy, face to face, in conflict.

Hamilton began moving his footies before daylight in the morning; the cavalry and mounted infantry he loaned to French, and they remained in the rear as reserves, and in contact with the wagon trains.

Promptly at nine o'clock, as if the hour had been agreed upon, the Boers opened their artillery practice upon some of Hutton's mounted infantry who were moving up the gentle slopes across the river, with wide intervals between them.

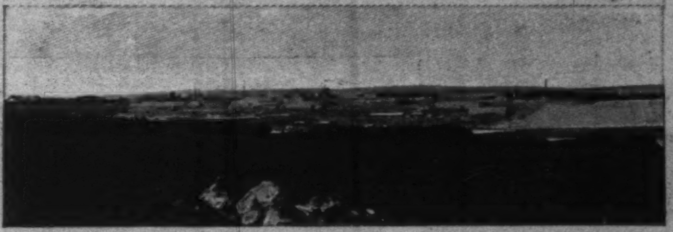
The Gordon Highlanders (the most gallant of gallant fellows, whose dead heroes lie in rock-covered graves on a dozen battle-fields of South Africa) were to take the brunt of the fight again. Against Doornkop they were moving in extended order of thirty yards' interval. To their left were the City of London Volunteers in the same formation, but moving against a much easier position. As the thin line crept onward, at first nearly two miles from its ultimate destination, toward the ugly rocks on the right, and the steep ridge on the left, the Gordons and the City of London Volunteers became separated, until the gap opened for five hundred yards. Hamilton, quick to see the danger of enfilade fire from the enemy, rushed the Sussex Infantry into this opening, and once more the line was solid.

The British artillery was pounding the position from the rear, sending the whining shells hurtling over the heads of the long line of Scotsmen, whose plaid kilts rose and fell slightly to the strides of their sturdy bare legs. Eight hundred yards from the hill, and the shells from behind were passing uncomfortably close to them; six hundred yards, and the artillery had ceased, and in the yawning stillness, broken only far to the right in distant rumbling thunder, the line strode on.

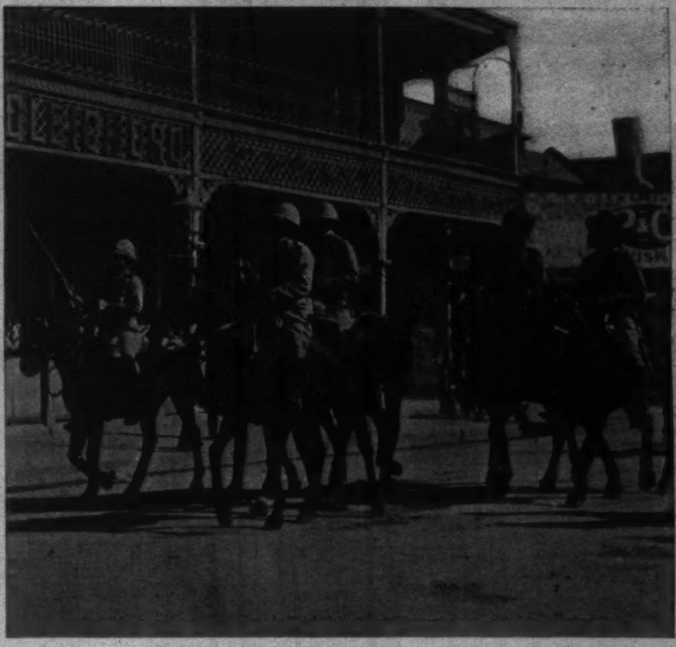
"They've got it!" The entire crest of the hill breaks into the staccato popping of rifles; a shudder seems to go over the British line, and then it has passed, and the men are stalking onward. Only a fraction faster they go—not hurrying particularly, but just walking the enemy down. Men begin to fall; here and there the interval is sixty yards, not thirty. Another wounded man is staggering back; he lurches, falls; poor chap! it is a mortal hit.

The Highlanders are getting it all; no, not all, for a spare pom-pom is turned on the City of London Volunteers; but pom-poms are child's play compared to a line of rifles with steady eyes behind the sights. The Britishers are returning the fire, lying upon their stomachs. They are catching their wind for the charge. Silver flashes break the line of men rising to their feet, and one knows that bayonets are fixed. Charge! every spectator says under his breath, as his finger-nails are pressed unheedingly into the palms of his hands. He knows the order has been given, for running, stumbling, stooping, yet onward that line goes. The firing rises and falls in spasmodic waves from the Boer position, and then gradually dies away.

It cost the Gordons ninety-eight brave men out of that line, and eleven of the City of London Volunteers, and a number of Sussex, bringing the total up to one hundred and twenty-odd. But by that charge on the Witwatersrand the gateway to Johannesburg was opened—that is, the only possible entrance from a military stand-point, for in all other directions, except down the Rand, past its miles and miles of great mines, the rock mountains



THE RAND, LOOKING TOWARD JOHANNESBURG.



LORD ROBERTS ENTERING JOHANNESBURG.

THE FORT AT JOHANNESBURG.

THE FIRST BRITISH TROOPS TO CROSS THE VAAL.

and kopjes frown dangerously on an attacking army. Before us, for the ten miles into Johannesburg, the land rose and fell in gentle undulations, where the chances of the opposing army were nearly equal with those of the defenders.

The sun was almost down, and French's column had pushed up the river to the left, nearly to the great buildings of the first mine. A few courageous Boers were firing still at the halted column, and from the vicinity of the mine a single twelve-pounder dropped its shells at the feet of the Lancers, whose sharpened shafts waved uneasily in the air, as they retired step by step. The mounted infantry and Colonials came up, and as the sun sank they dashed away in mad charge down one slope, up another, and out of sight, going for the Boers who would not run, and to capture the cannon if possible. Late that night they came back with nearly fifty prisoners and their rifles, but not the artillery piece. The captured ones were part of the Krugersdorp commando, who had been sent for hurriedly to re-enforce, and had received instructions to hold Doornkop, but they were half an hour too late to do more than look into Gordon rifles on that height. In every direction they scattered, not knowing what to do; the Boer army they had expected to meet had fled; so in careless desperation some of the strongest staid behind to pot their enemy, and as a result were captured for their pains.

Johannesburg was as good as taken, every one knew, as he fell to sleep tired and exhausted. Lord Roberts was past Germiston Station, where the railroad junctions for Pretoria north and the Free State south, and had had a most exciting fight in the streets of the town when a trainload of unsuspecting Boers retreating from Johannesburg had pulled into the station. It was a grand confusion, with bullets whistling at short range, and a game of capturing and being captured.

On Wednesday, the 30th of May, the remaining municipal officers of Johannesburg were treating with Lord Roberts in regard to a surrender. There were no terms to be made except unconditional surrender, but it was not until next day, the last of May, at ten o'clock, that Lord Roberts made his formal entry into the city of wealth. French, with tremendous activity, had carried his division, on the 30th, around to the north of the city, to be confronted by a series of grand kopjes, and to come under shell-fire from the big-calibre gun of the city's fort. Hamilton moved down the railroad the same day to the little town of Florida, eight miles from Johannesburg, and went into camp. The amusement in his column consisted in the West Australians holding up a train, running from Krugersdorp to the city, in true frontier style, with their rifles alone. It was a most disgusted lot of Boers and train officials who surrendered themselves.

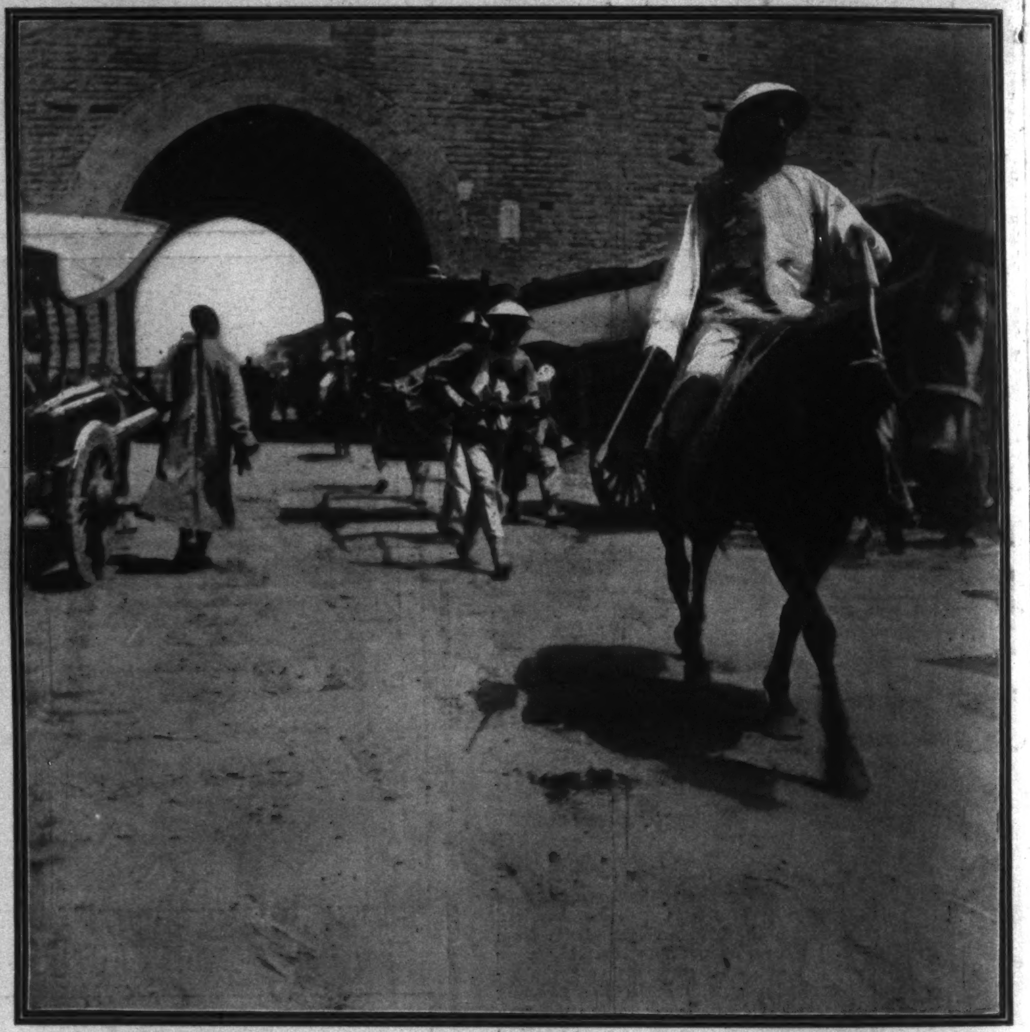
Never did a city look odder to the thousands of soldiers who tramped through the streets past Lord Roberts in review at the Government Building. It was boarded up to its eyes; almost every store had its first-story plate-glass windows covered with tongued and grooved boards, often reaching up to the second stories. All that was lacking to make them a continuous line of bill-posting fences was the lithographs. While some of the buildings had been thus encased in wooden trimmings for months, a great impetus had been given to this style of street decoration during the week prior to the entry of the British, when the entire commercial population was laboring under the nervous apprehension that the Boer threats to blow up the mines and loot the city would be carried into effect. Too much cannot be said in praise of the Boer for the moral quality of his make-up, which restrained him, during a time of war, from razing this city of all others to the ground and plundering, for the welfare of himself and his army, the rich stores of the Uitlander. Morally his attitude was fine; from a stand-point of war it was unspeakably weak.

Johannesburg, June 2, 1900.

A CHINESE JUNK SEIZED BY THE AMERICANS FOR USE AS A RIVER TRANSPORT.

SOLDIERS OF THE

LEGATION STREET, PEKI G, JUNE 1.



CAPTAIN McCALLA, IN MINISTER CONGER'S OFFICIAL CHAIR, PRECEDED AND FOLLOWED BY A MOUNTED SOLDIER, PEKING, JUNE 2.

A CHINESE BARBER.

CHINESE IMPERIAL TROOPS.

PEKING AND TIENTSIN JUST BEFO

THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN BY "HARPER'S WEEKLY'S" CORRESPONDENT BETWEEN MAY 29 AND JUNE 2. THE FILMS FR
HAVING BEEN SET ON FIRE BY

THE CHINESE GUARD.

AMERICAN MARINES COMING ASHORE AT THE TAKU FORTS IN SAMPANS.

ED

CAPTAIN N. H. HALL, U. S. M. C., ASSISTANT-SURGEON T. M. LIPPITT, NOW IN PEKING, AND ENSIGN D. W. WURTZBAUGH COMING ASHORE AT TAKU, MAY 29.

THE SPEARS OF THE CHINESE GUARD.

GATE OF THE UNITED STATES LEGATION, PEKING, JUNE 1.

THE TAKU ROAD, TIENTSIN.

ORE THE OUTBREAK OF HOSTILITIES

FROM WHICH THEY WERE PRINTED WERE ALL DESTROYED IN THE SHOP WHERE THEY WERE DEVELOPED IN TIENTSIN, THE PLACE BY SHELLS FROM CHINESE BATTERIES

King Yi-Hiung

KOREA of TO-DAY

By Mary Gay Humphreys

Prince We-Ullia

UNTIL Korea has been exploited comic opera need not despair. Conspiracy is the Korean method of official advancement. The cabinet ministers seem to be recruited from jail. Every man of prominence looks forward to losing his head one time or another, as all in the day's work. The next week the Emperor as likely as not wishes he had saved that man his head to make him chief of state.

I was in Korea during one of these fortnightly conspiracies. This time the victims were of unusual importance. The chiefs were Min Jun-Yung and Pak Jun-Yung. The latter will be remembered as the first minister to this country. At this time he was a member of the cabinet—Home Minister. Min Jun-Yung, at the breaking out of the China-Japanese war, was the power behind the Korean throne. He belongs to the conspicuous Min family, of which the murdered Queen was a member. Another of the conspirators was supposed to be General An Kyeng-Su, who was Minister of War at the time the Queen was murdered, and was then the president of the Korean Bank. The plot was alleged to involve the murder of the Emperor and raising the Crown-Prince to the throne. The Crown-Prince is generally regarded as half-witted. He was the only son of the Queen, and treated by her as a baby, although he was a much-married man.

These constant conspiracies are the result of a weak ruler under the influence of the last person who has his ear. The King would be an admirable country gentleman. He has the misfortune to be a ruler. He is said to be the hardest-worked man in the realm. His mind is encumbered with details. He listens to every little detail, and is unnerved by a fire-cracker. He has abandoned his old palace and built a new one in the midst of the legations. But while they occupy the slopes, he dwells in a reconstructed frog-pond at their feet. He is satisfied, for at the sound of a rifle he can shin over the palace wall and place himself under a foreign flag.

The spectre that haunts him is that of Pak Yung-Ho, then a refugee in Japan, and said to be the ablest man Korea has produced. His first wife was the daughter of the old king; and although she died years ago, he takes rank from her. The present King, who was the second son of the late Tai Won-Kun, was not the direct heir, but an adopted son of the Queen Cho. Pak Yung-Ho is a progressive, and a favorite with the people. A short time before he went from Tokio to Nagasaki to see his daughter, and it convulsed the throne.

The presence also of three princes of varying conditions also makes conspiracy lively. So long as the Queen lived the position of concubine was purely official. Prince We Wha was the son of a concubine to whom the Queen presented a cup of poison. It is he who a few years ago was sent to this country with fine promises. The government, however, in its usual manner, forgot his remittances, and he returned to Japan, where, as he is a fine young fellow, much liked by the foreigners and popular with the people, he is a distinct menace to the throne.

The third claimant is another story. Before the palace gate there is usually a group of men squatting around a low table on which lies a small bale of paper. These are memorialists of one sort or another waiting the presence of the King. When I was there the memorialists were urging the King to marry. "The presence of the Tong Haks [a species of rebel], Christianity, famine, and sickness is owing to the fact that the King is a widower. So let him raise the Lady Om to the rank of Empress." Thus the memorial ran. Now the Lady Om is a concubine of the second rank, who a short time before had presented the King with a

WHERE THE QUEEN WAS BURNED.

Prince. Her ambitions have been well known. She seems to be a quick-witted person, and the King is under several obligations to her. It was she who planned and effected his Majesty's escape to the Russian Legation some time ago. It is rather an interesting story.

After the murder of the Queen, his family never left him out of sight, taking the duty by turns. The King does all his work by night, finding it safer to sleep by day. On this particular night the watch fell to the lot of his old mother and the Dowager Queen. The King managed to get the old ladies to talking over old times, after the manner of their kind, until they talked themselves to sleep. Towards morning, when they were both safely nodding, he slipped out and got behind the Lady Om in her chair, the Crown-Prince following in another. No one is allowed to lift the curtain of a woman's chair in Korea; for a woman of position must not be exposed to the gaze of a man. Lady Om said she was taking home her sick aunt. Thus the King and Crown-Prince escaped. That he would have been eventually murdered by his attentive family every one believes. This occurrence seemed to strengthen Lady Om's chances, and naturally she was looking out for the prospects of her young son.

The King is always biting the dust in public. He informs his people that he cannot eat on account of this and he cannot sleep on account of that. His edicts rank with the best of comic literature. I copied, when there, some of his daily confidences.

"The defence of the country is a matter of the utmost importance. This is true at all times, but especially so to-day. Hence We by a previous edict placed Our Army and Navy under Our direct command." The fact that Korea had no navy was purely incidental.

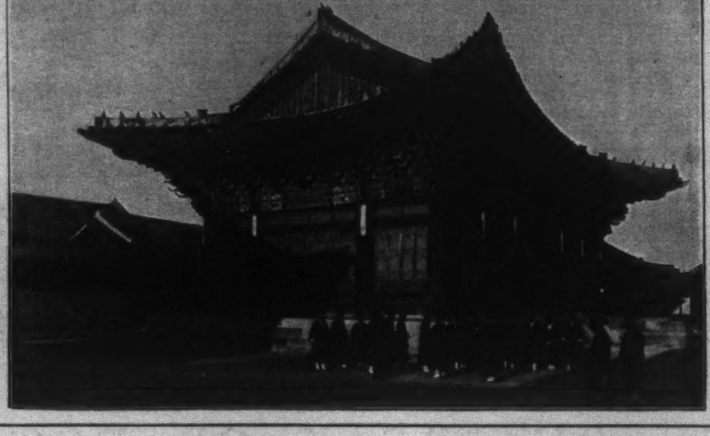
The following was another: "The welfare of Our people is Our constant thought. We realize that since last year's disturbance Our people have suffered greatly on account of lack of peace and order. The dead suffer as much as the living, but Our government has not done anything to ameliorate existing conditions. This thought worries us so much that the affluence by which We are surrounded is rather uncomfortable."

This seems too good to be confined to the Korean archives: "January 14, 1896.—Laws and rules proceed from the King. Three-and-thirty years have elapsed since We ascended to the throne. Treaty relations must be observed with the nations of the world, and changes be introduced in politics. We have therefore adopted the new calendar, introduced a title of the reign, changed the style of dress, and cut off the top-knot. You should not regard Us as loving innovations. Wide sleeves and large hats have become familiar by usage. The top-knots and head-bands, once regarded as novelties when first introduced for the sake of convenience, became fashionable only because people liked them. But that they, the top-knot and head-band, stand in the way of activity and health is true. Nor is it right in this day of ships and vehicles that we should stick to the customs of the excellent past."

How many times the King has cut off and resumed the gun-trigger style of hair I shall not undertake to say. It must be admitted that in the dismissal of the Russians the King scored. Mr. Speyers was not the best tempered of diplomatists, and being checked by the Independence Club in the Deer Island matter, and in the establishment of the Russo-Korean bank, he created a diversion by asking if Korea desired the continued presence of the Russian military instructors, and somewhat saucily demanded an answer within twenty-four hours. The answer was made with the customary humiliation:

"Your inquiry makes Us feel ashamed, but Our gov-

GRAND AUDIENCE-HALL, SEOUL.



WAITING-HALL, NEAR THE AUDIENCE-HALL.

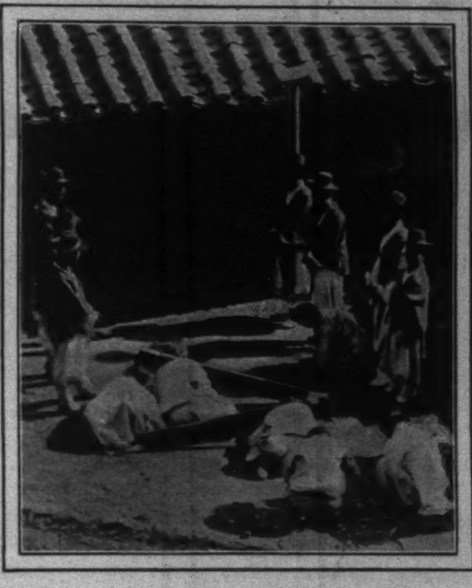
ernment will be more careful and studious in the discharge of Our responsibilities, so that there will not be any further need of causing anxiety to your Sovereign. The decision was arrived at by the unanimous wishes of the old statesmen, the present government, and the people at large. Also through the enlightenment and the independent spirit which your government has so diligently inculcated among us." The King proceeded to say that he would send an embassy to Russia thanking for past favors, and with the information that Korea could now look after herself. Mr. Speyers, it is said, tore his diplomatic hair at being taken up so promptly, and replied that the King need not take the trouble; he could tell his Emperor himself. This correspondence is noteworthy, since for the first time in the history of Korea the people are recognized as a factor to be considered. This was due to the action of the Independence Club, which called a mass-meeting, answered by 8000 people.

The Independence Club was founded by Dr. Philip Jaisohn, a Korean who now lives in Philadelphia as a naturalized citizen. He had been called back to Korea as adviser to the King, but his influence and progressive spirit frightened the government, which paid him his salary, and begged him to go back to his new home. The Independence Club comprehends the young blood of Korea, the student class. It built the Independence arch which commemorates the spot where Korean monarchs used to meet the Chinese embassies and recognize the sovereignty of China, and its pretty club-house in view of the narrow defile called Peking Pass. The head of the club at this time was Mr. Yun, the editor of the Korean *Independent*, an English tri-weekly. Mr. Yun belongs to a family that has given two queens to Korea. He is young, good-looking, speaks English perfectly, and in his writing has a gayety of mind and lightness of touch more Occidental than Oriental. "He has a future if he can keep his head on," said one of his friends to me, alluding to the easy Korean method of thus successfully ending an argument.

When I was there the Chinese influence was paramount. The cabinet was conservative. The Western uniforms of the army, the police, and the schoolboys were a grievance. The Minister of Education and the schoolboys had come into a personal conflict, and young Korea shook its fist in the dignitary's face. I did not meet a foreigner in Seoul who did not regret that Japan, owing to the part taken by its minister in the murder of the Queen, had thrown away its influence, which under Count Inouyé was reconstructing Korea on progressive lines. The Asiatic mind is fitted to deal with the Asiatic mind as the foreigner cannot do. While no one believed that the Japanese government was implicated, it was observed that Sagimura, the active spirit for Miura the tool, was not only not punished, but was afterwards promoted.

The murder of the Queen, the most barbarous event of this epoch, scarcely created a ripple in the Western world. Through the interest of our minister, I went over the palace, and saw the little room in which she was cut down. It was not believed in Seoul that she was dead when her body was drenched with kerosene and burned in the adjacent park. "Queen Min," General Greathouse said to me, "was the ablest, the most intellectual, woman in the East." She was a fine Chinese scholar, most amiable in her relations with foreigners, favored their schools, showed them hospitality, and ruled the King. She had the common Korean habit of giving orders that any one in her way should trouble her no longer. But the kindest of missionary women told me that, according to her light, the Queen was a good woman, a wise ruler, and her death a misfortune both for the nation and the vacillating King.

There is no outside influence more prominent in Korea than that of the United States. The work of Mr. McLeavy Brown, the English commissioner of customs, so long as he was the financial adviser of the King, is regarded as invaluable. The influence



KOREAN PRISONERS WITH THEIR HEADS IN WOODEN COLLARS.

of the United States is indirect rather than direct. Our minister, Dr. H. N. Allen, had his standing at court long before he occupied his present position. Shortly after he arrived occurred the emeute of 1884, when Min Yung-Ik was cut nearly to pieces by the Japanese. Dr. Allen's successful treatment of Prince Min's wounds made him subsequently the King's physician. Through his influence the Royal Hospital was established. He has never since lost the confidence of the King. It was Mr. James H. Morse, of the American Trading Company, who obtained the grant of the Seoul-Chemulpo Railroad, which, every one regretted, has been sold to the Japanese. Mr. Morse also received the important gold-mining concessions in the North, which have been subleased to Mr. Leigh Hunt, and in which, I am told, Mr. J. Sloat Fassett is now interested. In this a $250,000 plant was already in action and an American colony of miners at work. This concession was a matter of such importance that while I was there the German Consul-General pushed the Acting-Minister of Foreign Affairs off his doorstep and hurt his feelings so that the next day he resigned, the cause being the refusal of Korea to grant a similar concession to some Germans.

The Rev. H. G. Hurlbert was then at the head of the Normal school, the Rev. H. G. Appenzeller the President of Pai Chai College. The former, I believe, is wholly a government school; the latter received a subsidy from the government sufficient to pay for three instructors. This school furnishes interpreters to the government, and from its students comes young Korea, who straightway joins the Independence Club, and keeps a sharp lookout on cabinet ministers, follows up cases of oppression, throwing light now in this direction and now on that. It was during Mr. Cleveland's administration, I think, that, prompted by some of the powers, the State Department sent out a circular letter warning its citizens in Korea against taking part in public events. It was perfectly understood that the missionaries were meant. But it was at this time—I hope I am relating no secrets—that the King turned to them in his hour of trouble. It was the missionaries who took turns guarding him by night. It was the missionaries he desired to be present on different occasions which might or might not be full of peril. At least they were honest disinterested men who had the welfare of Korea at heart. No one knows better than kings how rare such are.

It is the American missionary up North who experimented in wheat and astonished the native farmer by his yield. General Dye and Rev. H. G. Appenzeller vied with each other in fruit-raising. The Japanese apple is tasteless. The Korean Baldwins and pippins rival the American orchard. The Japanese pear tastes like an Irish potato. The Korean Bartlett ripens to perfection. In Japan the cherry blossoms are dreams of beauty. The Korean cherry is large and luscious. There seems to be no reason why Korea should not yet be the great fruit-raising country of the East. The same experiments are going on with other fruits and vegetables. Such enterprise on the part of the missionaries is lost neither on the government nor the people. The Korean agriculturist is the most miserable of his kind. He rarely cultivates more than an acre of ground. He dare not tempt the rapacity of the officials. The Korean bull is the noblest of his race.

"But why not, my friend, have two bulls and cultivate more ground?" a farmer was asked.

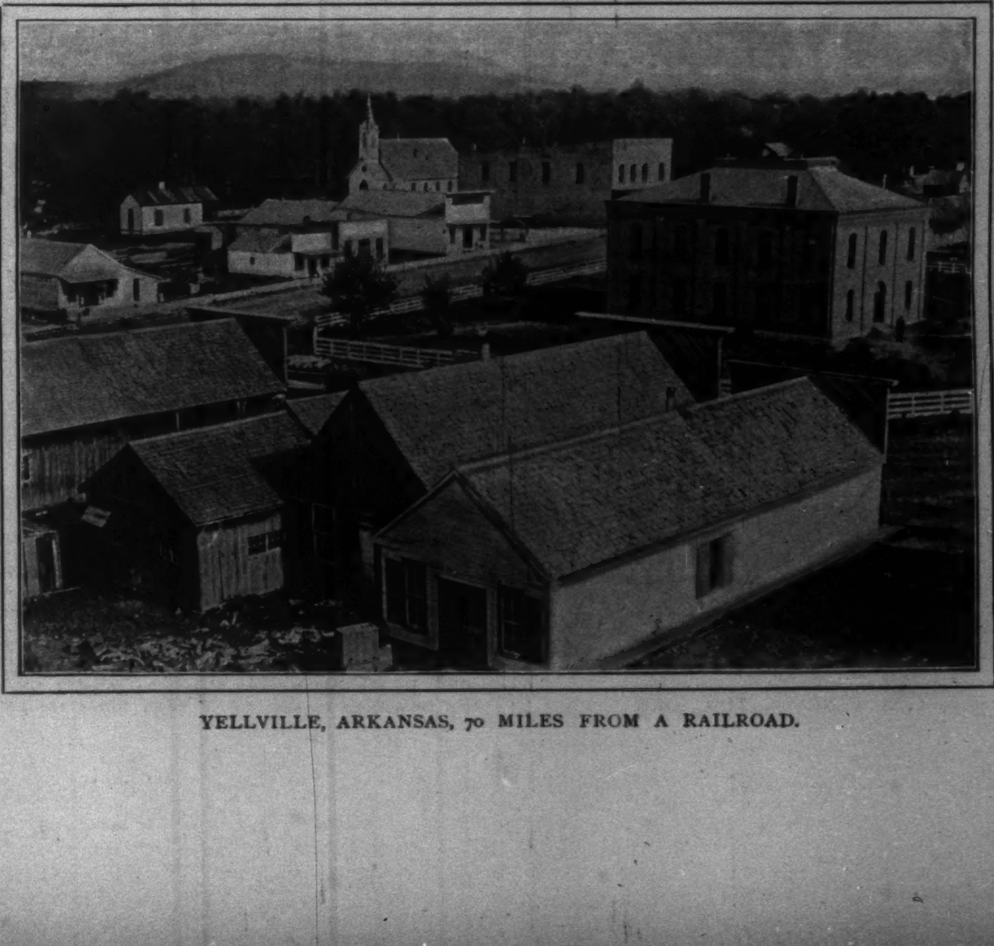
"If I have two bulls the magistrate will want to borrow money of me, which he would never repay, or he would make some pretext to take my second bull." This is not an incentive to industry or acquisition, but it makes plain why the Koreans are apparently the laziest of the Eastern peoples.

The corrective is this same indirect influence. That is to say in the teaching and practical missionary work which is so largely in the hands of the Americans. We have more interest in it than we are aware, even if it is not a matter of national or personal aggrandizement.

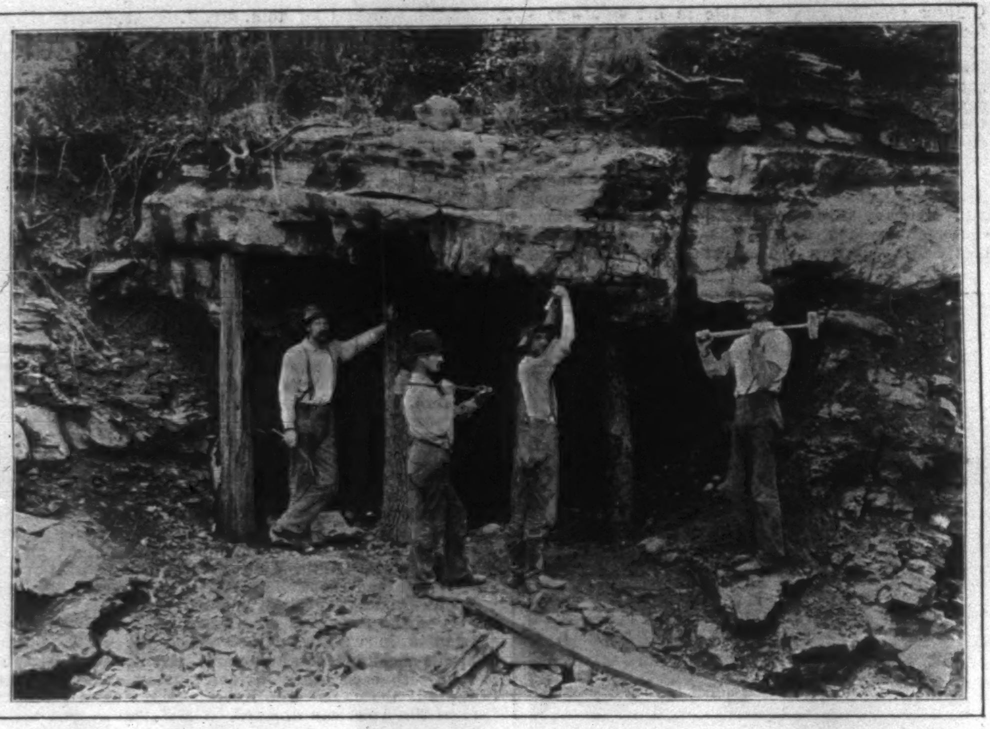
THE ZINC-FIELD OF ARKANSAS

BY WALTER B. STEVENS

PERHAPS the most interesting phase of the rapid evolution of zinc production into one of the great industries of the country is the addition of the Arkansas district to the Southwestern field. Five counties of northwestern Arkansas are coming rapidly into prominence because of the zinc deposits they contain. The counties are in the roughest portion of the Ozarks. Their topography consists of narrow but exceedingly fertile valleys, lofty ridges, and tortuous watercourses, bounded by canyonlike cliffs, affording the finest scenery to be found between the Alleghanies and the Rockies. The broken character of the region has deterred railroad building. These mineral deposits lie fifty to seventy-five miles from rail transportation. A full day of mountain staging must be done to reach the edge of the zinc district of Arkansas. The existence of ore in this almost terra incognita was made known by wandering geologists a number of years ago. The first really impressive information the country had of this mineral wealth was when a nugget of pure zinc ore weighing 12,700 pounds, nearly seven tons, was exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in 1893 with the explanation that it was a specimen chunk from a mountain of the same "down in Arkansas." This sounded large, but it was really not much of an exaggeration. The owners of the cliff out of which the zinc "Jumbo" was gouged subsequently tore away overlying dirt and rock and exposed a face of ore which has been the marvel of visiting scientists and miners ever since. They erected a mill and built a tramway. Selecting the richest of the ore, they have been crushing and separating and shipping for several years. The product is hauled over the mountain roads—a day's journey—to the head of navigation on White River. Thence it is boated 100 miles to a railroad connection and so finds its way to the sea for exportation to Belgium. Presumably there is some margin of profit with all of these drawbacks in transportation. The same men have been conducting the business for years and are still with it. They have shipped by this expensive route over 1200 tons of cleaned ore. They operated their mine when ore was worth about one-half of what is paid for it now. At this the pioneer of the producing mines of the Arkansas district no rock bearing less than twelve per cent. of its weight in ore is crushed. In the Joplin district four and five per cent. rock is put through the crusher and separator with profit. At the Morning Star—for that is the appropriate name of the mine which has led in the development of the Arkansas district—thousands of tons of ore of a grade which would be considered profitable in Missouri and Kansas are heaped in great dumps. In fact, it is not improbable that the whole mountain-side may some time be worked over for the ore, which seems to permeate not only all of the rock formations but even the dirt. The former State geologist of Arkansas, Professor Branner, now of the University of California, visited this mine in its early development and



YELLVILLE, ARKANSAS, 70 MILES FROM A RAILROAD.



ENTRANCE TO A ZINC-MINE NEAR BUFFALO CITY.

carried away for laboratory tests some of the soil as well as fragments of the rock. Soon after he reached Little Rock he wrote back to the superintendent:

"Don't throw away any more of that dirt; it goes thirteen per cent. metallic zinc."

Following the exhibition of Arkansas zinc at the World's Fair came, about 1895, a period of some excitement in the district. In a haphazard, superficial way prospecting was done. The pioneers "gophered" among these hills. They uncovered hundreds of ledges more or less rich in blende or carbonate. They sunk some shafts of not much depth. Outside capitalists who were induced to look into the merits of the district as shown by this shallow work invested considerable money in claims. But the times did not encourage exploitation of new mineral fields. Railroad plans for the Ozarks did not get beyond the paper upon which profile drawings were blue-printed. The zinc-market was as dull as that of lead or iron or copper. Prospects in the Arkansas district remained prospects and nothing more. Ore exposed on the uncovered ledges oxidized. Assessment work in compliance with the mineral law was performed in a slighting manner.

Then came the time when spelter, the manufactured product, began to climb the scale of quotations. Zinc ore became a commodity in sharp demand. The Southwestern field boomed. Thousands of people dwelt in tents because there was not house-room in the mining centres. "Jack" went up and up. It passed figures which represented the highest rates paid in the best days of the industry. This phenomenal advance did not stop until it reached $55 a ton, of which at least $40 was clear profit to somebody. Such a value was fictitious. A drop was bound to come; but it was not to the old figures. Zinc ore has remained above $30 a ton, fluctuating about $35. That represents $20 a ton profit; more rather than less, for with improved methods and increased production the cost has decreased. The year closed with $10,000,000 paid for the ore taken out the Joplin-Galena district. Two-thirds of that was clear profit. The remaining third

A FACE OF ZINC ORE.

was wages to miners, cost of machinery and its operation, and royalty to land-owners who preferred to lease rather than to operate their properties.

The most remarkable effect of this new era is seen in the rapid development of the Arkansas branch of the Southwestern zinc-field. In the five counties where the zinc deposits have lain dormant so long, the past summer and fall have brought great activity, which continues. Practical miners, experts, scientists, speculators, and capitalists have overrun the district. Scores of corporations have been organized. Many

AN ORE-MILL.

thousands of acres of mineral lands have changed hands. The transfers of property and the capitalization of companies represent millions of money. A dozen mining towns, not large but ambitious, have sprung into existence. Newspapers have been started. Stage lines have been put into operation on routes where a year ago there was no means of transportation but the freighters. Telegraph and telephone lines have been strung. Steam-drills have been hauled over the mountains to all parts of the district. Their thud, thud, thud, is the monotonous accompaniment for the frequent booms of dynamite charges. The shrill whistles of the ore-mills awaken echoes in canyonlike valleys where nothing of the like was ever heard before. A railroad cannot be built through such a country as this in a few weeks, but one to bisect the heart of the Arkansas zinc district is in progress of construction.

In a sense this is not new country. Settlement began here early in the second quarter of the century. The narrow but fertile valleys were occupied by hardy pioneers sixty-odd years ago. Descendants of the first families of the Ozarks still own many of the farms. The settlers organized communities, established schools, built churches, even founded colleges, and lived on blissfully ignorant of the wealth hidden in the hills until "the min'ral men" came with hammer and pick and shovel. The natives have just awakened to the realities. There are few of them now who are not interested in claims. They do not talk zinc. They call it "min'ral." The banker at Yellville says he has found it entirely a safe presumption to ask of every farmer who comes to town,

"Let's see that rock in your pocket."

Specimens are everywhere. The cross-roads storekeeper keeps a box of nuggets on display at his front door. Hotels have collections arranged on the inevitable porches. The newspaper offices give up their windows to arrays of ore-bearing rock. Where two or three citizens, be they lawyers, doctors, merchants, or farmers, are gathered together in this Ozark country, one of the party is sure to produce a piece of ore for consideration. The most common street sight of the towns is the block or chunk of "min'ral" on the sidewalk. In the house-yards along the country roads these collections of zinc ore in queer forms are presented for the inspection of the traveller. A large stump—for this is still a heavily wooded country—often makes a convenient place for such displays in front of the farm-houses.

The White River, after a wonderfully zigzag course of 250 miles in the northwestern corner of Arkansas, is joined by the Buffalo, of almost equal volume and of even greater eccentricity of channel. Along these two rivers and their creek tributaries lie the zinc deposits. One of erosion's greatest object-lessons is presented. The region is described as chiefly "on end" by the inexpert. Yet the geologist explains that everything is "in place." The Ozark uplift arose slowly from the bed of the prehistoric ocean. There was no volcanic action. This great section of the earth's crust was lifted above its surroundings. Strata were cracked, but they maintained almost a perfect level.

They are to-day so nearly horizontal that the undulations are not perceptible to casual observation. But after the formations were left in position, and perhaps while still in semiplastic state, the elements began their fantastic freaks. Through the plateau, waterways wore their routes, changing the whole face of the country into a bewildering jumble of sharp ridges and narrow tortuous valleys. These channels were cut down hundreds of feet. Where the White and the Buffalo come together towers Flag Peak, 900 feet from the water's edge. Every stratum is in its proper place and exposed. A mighty geological chart is presented in the face of the cliff. The successive formations can be seen and studied. How the Ozark world was made is told as clearly as though demonstrated in a book.

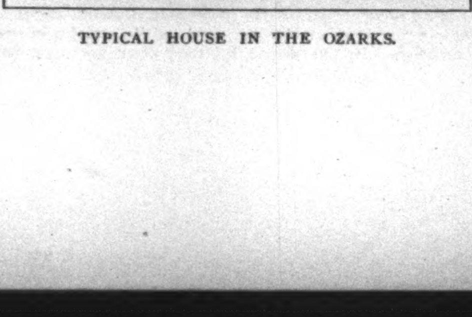
The White and the Buffalo and their largest tributaries skirt lofty palisades. In many places these deep-cut channels return upon their courses so nearly that a cut of a few hundred feet would eliminate a bend of many miles. Scattered in such a country, seventy-five miles or more from east to west, and fifty miles from north to south, are the zinc deposits. High and low on these steep hill-sides are found outcrops of ore-bearing rock. In the valleys prospect shafts have reached bodies of ore. Locating an outcrop of ore on one side of the hill, the prospector crosses to the other side, observing the dip of the stratum, and not infrequently finds at the proper level the same kind of ore formation. The presumption seems fair that the formation is continuous through the ridge. Demonstration, however, waits upon the tunnelling which will come with the supply of transportation facilities in the near future.

Such conditions of zinc ore are not found anywhere else in this section. No ore outcrops appear in the Joplin-Galena district. There the Ozark plateau is gently rolling. Watercourses have not carved deep channels. It is only as one approaches and crosses the Arkansas line that the amazing work of erosion is encountered. The zinc-miner, accustomed to go down into the bowels of the earth for "jack," is amazed when he is taken up the steep hill-sides hundreds of feet above the water-level and shown the faces of ore bodies. Zinc-mining in the Arkansas district is like rock-quarrying. Abundance of water is the almost invariable accompaniment of ore bodies elsewhere. So true is this that the cost of pumping is one of the chief factors in the problem of profitable production. In the Arkansas region many of the zinc-mines are "dry as a bone," in the miner's vernacular.

So surprising are these high and dry ore bodies in Arkansas that much scepticism has prevailed among practical zinc men as to the extent of the deposits. Miners from other districts have come and seen and doubted. They have theorized that these outcrops and surface exposures are only the remnants of zinc formations which have oxidized or dissolved and been carried off to the sea. But in many places persistent investigation has now followed prospecting. Hundreds of thousands of tons of ore-bearing rock have been blasted, dug out, and dumped to prove that all is not on the surface. Shafts have been sunk in the valleys, and the existence of "jack" dripping with water, as the Joplin miner likes it, has been established beyond doubt.

On the hill-sides, near the surface, the carbonates predominate. But as the tunnels penetrate they show the increasing proportion of blende upon which the elements have not yet wrought the transformation to carbonate. Experts have been chary about the expression of opinions on the extent of these deposits until with the past year they have seen the results of development work. Carbonates are the secondary products. They are due to the effects of reactionary agents on the deeper-seated sulphide or "jack." The verification of this law in the discovery of bodies of "jack" behind or below the carbonates has satisfied the scientists of the richness of the field.

"Otherwise," as one of them explained, "nature here must have stepped aside to perform a stupendous joke upon credulous humanity."



TYPICAL HOUSE IN THE OZARKS.

THE PROGRESS of the CAMPAIGN

FROM the stand-point of national politics the event of most importance in the week just passed was the meeting of the Anti-Imperialists in Indianapolis. They consisted of two distinct groups, one of which was in favor of nominating what is known as a Third Party ticket. The other group—it was plain from the start—came together not to nominate a national ticket but to endorse Bryan and Stevenson, as the most direct means of accomplishing the defeat of Mr. McKinley, and of bringing about a reversal of his foreign policy regarding the Philippines.

The Third Party men met on Tuesday, August 14. They called themselves the National Anti-Imperialistic party. There were less than 100 delegates at the convention, and there was very little enthusiasm. On Wednesday, August 15, the Anti-Imperialistic League held its "Liberty Congress." The Third Party men took no decisive action at their meeting, and adjourned to see what the Liberty Congress would do. The delegates to the congress numbered about 250, and there was some show of enthusiasm, especially when the McKinley administration was denounced. The Liberty Congress delegates worked on the delegates to the Third Party convention, so that at the close of the first day of the Liberty Congress's sessions there were only nine of the Third Party leaders who were left to favor the nomination of a separate national ticket. These nine resolved to wait to see if the situation would not clear somewhat, and they expressed to the last a desire to hold another convention, probably in New York or in Boston, in which their cherished project of a Third Ticket could be secured.

One of the events of the Liberty Congress session was the reading of a letter from W. Bourke Cockran, of New York, declaring that inasmuch as Imperialism was really the "paramount issue" of the campaign, and that as Mr. Bryan could do very little about putting his free-silver ideas into legal enactment and bringing about an income tax, as well as making radical changes in our judiciary system, in case he was elected, it was the duty of all true lovers of American institutions to support Mr. Bryan for President.

THE situation in New York State politics continues to be a matter of national interest. On the Democratic side it has narrowed itself to the question of the continued supremacy of Richard Croker and of Tammany Hall in State politics. Comptroller Bird S. Coler, a few days ago, contributed an article to a well-known periodical, in which he attacked bitterly Tammany politics, and made it plain that he regarded Richard Croker as the head and front of a corrupt and dishonest system of political manipulation. There had been a great deal of talk about running Comptroller Coler for Governor on the Democratic ticket, because it was thought that he would add great strength to it. Mr. Coler had said that it was practically impossible for him to run. Then came the sharp personal warfare between Mr. Croker and himself. Mr. Croker referred to him as "that fellow," and said that he should not be nominated for Governor. Mr. Coler then showed the human side of his nature, and said that he would be willing to take the nomination. Former Senator Hill, Chairman Danforth, Mayor McGuire, and other up-the-State Democrats espoused the cause of Mr. Coler, and for a time it looked as if Mr. Croker would be humiliated. It was even announced that he had some thought of trying to persuade former Secretary of War Daniel S. Lamont to run for Governor. But when the members of the State Committee began to gather at Saratoga on August 15, it was soon seen that Mr. Croker was in control of the committee, and the movement to nominate Mr. Coler for Governor received a serious check. It is altogether likely, at this writing, that Mr. Coler will not be nominated. But in the defeat of Mr. Coler there is danger to Mr. Croker and Tammany Hall of the creation of an independent machine in New York city, and in the possibility that in 1901 Mr. Coler may become a fusion candidate for Mayor against Tammany Hall's candidate.

On the Republican side in the State campaign there is little change in the situation. There has been some talk of trying to persuade State Chairman Odell to recall his refusal to become a candidate for Governor, but the effort is not looked upon as serious. In machine circles of the party the candidacy of Lieutenant-Governor Timothy L. Woodruff is gaining strength. Among the men talked of for Governor are Congressman Sherman, Congressman Payne, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee in Washington, and Justice Werner of Rochester. Senator Platt has not yet indicated whom he favors. If Mr. Coler is not nominated by the Democrats, it is altogether likely that Mr. Platt will endeavor to bring about the nomination of some man who has been closely identified with the party management.

THE withdrawal of Charles A. Towne as the Populist candidate for Vice-President has not brought complete harmony in the ranks of the Democratic party and its allies. It was understood generally that arrangements had been made quietly whereby there would be no hitch in accepting Mr. Stevenson as the candidate for Vice-President on the national fusion ticket. The Executive Committee of the Populist national party received Mr. Towne's declination, and promptly decided that the vacancy on the ticket would have to be filled by the entire National Committee. It was given out that there would be practically no opposition to the selection of Mr. Stevenson. The managers of this arrangement, however, forgot to consult with United States Senator Marion Butler, the chairman of the Populist National Committee. Mr. Butler has a deep personal grievance over the way he was treated by the Democrats in the Red Shirt campaign recently in North Carolina. He failed to attend the meeting of the Populist Executive Committee in Chicago when Mr. Towne's declination was read. It was announced forthwith that he had begun to sulk, and would take the stump for McKinley. This caused great alarm in the Democratic and Populist ranks, and many appeals were sent by telegraph to Mr. Butler in North Carolina to tell where he stood. He finally sent this message to a Nebraska newspaper:

"I am for Bryan and the People's party's nominee for Vice-President. I am in favor of the national committee nominating a candidate on August 27. I am not a Democrat. I am not a Republican. I am a Populist. I was not for Stevenson in 1892, and am not for him now."

There is an intimation that Mr. Butler will be able to carry the National Populist Committee with him, when it meets in the latter part of August, and defeat the endorsement of Mr. Stevenson for Vice-President, but this is not thought likely by well-informed persons conversant with the national political situation. It is understood that Mr. Bryan personally has the Democratic-Populist situation well in hand, and will be able to bring about the endorsement of Mr. Stevenson by the Populists.

Mr. Butler was not the only one of the Populist party managers who was displeased over Mr. Towne's withdrawal. The National Treasurer, George F. Washburn, referred to it as "humiliating and embarrassing." Another incident of a lack of harmony between the Populists and the Democrats has arisen in Indiana, where the Populists and Silver Democrats have decided to conduct a separate campaign rather than one of fusion, because of alleged slights which were administered to the allies at the time Mr. Bryan made his speech of acceptance in Indianapolis.

AFTER his speech of acceptance at Indianapolis Mr. Bryan went to Chicago, where he remained several days in daily conference with the managers of the campaign, and in catching up with his correspondence. He had been in Chicago only a few days before he joined with Mr. Stevenson and Chairman Jones in an appeal to the Democrats to form clubs or societies in every voting precinct in the United States. The appeal closed with these words:

"No patriotic citizen can ignore the attacks which are being made upon the very foundation of our present irreproachable form of government."

Mr. Bryan had not been in Chicago long before it was announced that he would make three more set speeches during the campaign. At Indianapolis he spoke on Imperialism. It was announced that his other speeches would be devoted to the topics Militarism, Trusts, and the Money Question. It was said that he could not do justice to these topics in one speech, and therefore had decided to make a feature of each of them separately.

Of especial interest in the campaign was the answer which Senator Hoar made to Mr. Bryan regarding the latter's justification of his policy in helping to cause the ratification of the treaty with Spain, whereby the Philippines were ceded to the United States for a consideration and as a result of the war. Mr. Hoar charged that that treaty was responsible for the war with the Filipinos, and he also charged that if it had not been for Mr. Bryan's efforts the treaty would not have been ratified. He declared, therefore, that Mr. Bryan was almost solely responsible for the war in the Philippines, in which many American soldiers have been killed. He said that Mr. Bryan's talk on Anti-Imperialism was a mere mask to cover up the real issues of the campaign, and he declared that Mr. Bryan's defence of himself for securing the ratification of the treaty was "exceedingly weak and lame." Senator Hoar then added:

"I must have something better than these declarations against Imperialism from the candidate who secured the passage of the treaty, and baffled all efforts I was able to make against it, before I am ready to purchase his election at the cost of having a government that will sympathize with the disfranchisement of 10,000,000 Americans at home, that will stand for the dishonoring of the currency, for the violation of national faith, for the overthrow of the banking system and the establishment of an income tax, for assailing the integrity of the Supreme Court, for sympathizing everywhere with Populism and Socialism, and which will be a substitute for the prosperity which has brought comfort into the homes of our working-men, which has cleared off the indebtedness of the farmer, which has brought England herself to our shores as a borrower, which has made the balance of trade on our side, and has established forever the independence of American manufactures."

It will be of interest, as a matter of minor importance, to note that Mr. Bryan has delivered part of his Indianapolis acceptance speech into a phonographic machine, to be spread broadcast throughout the country. Whether the nickel-in-the-slot contrivances will be used in its reproduction has not yet been made public.

THE itinerary of Governor Roosevelt's speaking tour has practically been settled. He will speak in Chicago on September 3, Labor day, and then return at once to attend the Republican State Convention at Saratoga. From there he will go West on a trip which will take him to the Pacific coast. He will speak in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, and Missouri. It is planned to finish this trip in the first week of October. Probably three weeks then will be given to campaigning in Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky. The last week of the campaign the Governor will probably occupy in campaigning in New York State.

THERE is little activity at the national headquarters of either of the great parties. The routine of campaign management has not yet emerged from the letter-writing stage. Chairman Hanna of the Republican committee, since the last writing, has visited Boston in company with National Treasurer C. N. Bliss, and says that he found the conditions in New England entirely satisfactory. He plans, however, to give the people what he calls a stirring up. After his return from Boston he said that the political fighting would be hottest in the States west of the Mississippi River. Mr. Hanna also made public last week the names of the advisory committee, consisting of 32 members, to assist in the management of the Republican side of the campaign. Among the New-Yorkers on the committee are Senators Platt and Depew and former Mayor W. L. Strong. Other conspicuous men are former Postmaster-General James A. Gary, of Maryland; Irving M. Scott, of California; Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island; Hugh H. Hanna, of Indiana; and D. W. Mulvane, of Kansas. Three other members of the committee are negroes—Bishop Arnett, of Ohio; Mr. Adams, a newspaper editor in Chicago; and a Dr. Lyon of Maryland.

THE most conspicuous man of those who have changed their politics in the national campaign, according to recent announcements, is A. M. Stevenson, chairman of the Silver Republican State Central Committee of Colorado, and the life-long political and personal friend of United States Senator Teller. He has long been known as Mr. Teller's political manager. In 1896 he walked out of the St. Louis convention with Senators Teller, Dubois, and others. He says the cause of bimetallism is dead, and that, being an expansionist, he cannot become a Democrat. Therefore he goes back to the old party and will support McKinley.

Conspicuous also among the men who have changed political faith this year is former United States Senator W. A. Peffer, who served the Populist party in the United States Senate for one full term. Mr. Peffer is an ardent expansionist, and in explaining his decision to vote for McKinley he says:

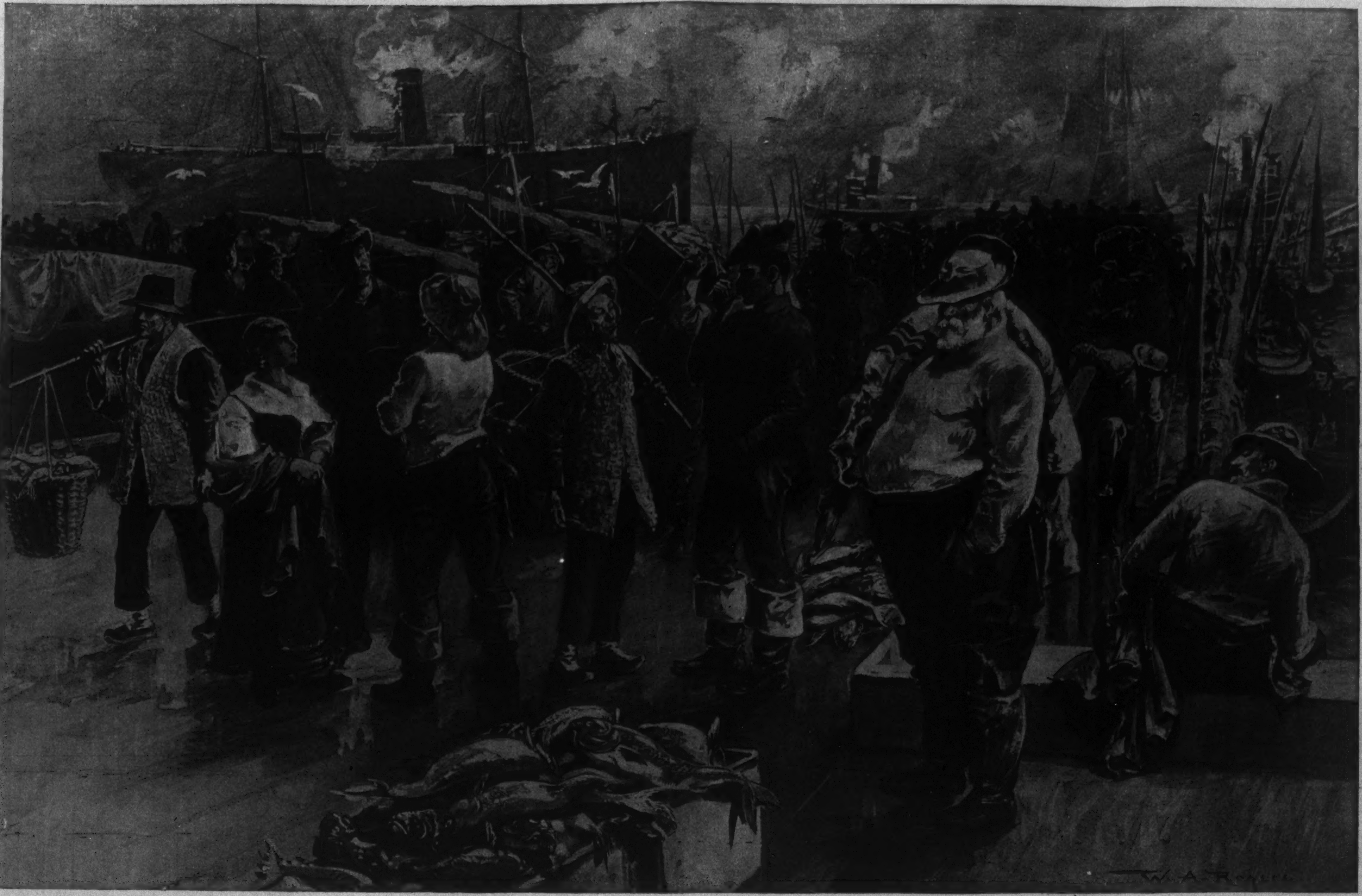
"The Democratic party, aided by its fusion allies, has raised a hue-and-cry charging against the administration all manner of public crimes, despotic use of power, fraud, corruption, calling on the nations to behold our national shame, and beseeching our own countrymen to aid them in their wicked onslaught on the good name, honor, and dignity of their people. I look upon this brazen assault on the honor of the republic as little less than treason, and the success of the Republican party alone can prevent the attainment of the end sought by the unholy alliance."

The Hon. James H. Eckles, Comptroller of the Currency under Cleveland's second administration, has come out with an interview saying that Bryan's election would be "harmful to every interest in the South, not less so than to every interest in the North." He adds: "I do not believe he can be elected. He ought to be beaten so emphatically as to make it impossible for such a candidacy to be tolerated by a great political organization."

Among the men who are not widely known, but who have a large local influence, who have changed their political faith, is Judge James T. Hoblit, of Lincoln, Illinois. He has declared for McKinley, and says that "the cry of Imperialism and Militarism ought to frighten no one who believes in the sound sense and courage of Americans."

Within the last fortnight there have been no conspicuous changes of belief by men who have always acted with the Republican party.

IT is announced that one of the conspicuous features of the campaign will be songs in German and English set to the tunes of well-known German songs. The Republicans intend to use these songs in their work among the Germans. It is declared again that former Speaker Reed will not speak during the campaign, but this latest announcement limits the declaration to the September campaign in Maine. The Hon. Jeremiah Simpson has given up his race for the United States Senate, according to the latest reports, and will try to get back into the House of Representatives. There is talk in Chicago of organizing what is known as a "Ginger Committee," to infuse life into the Democratic campaign. It is now said that the Republican leaders in Iowa have agreed upon Congressman J. P. Dolliver to fill out the unexpired term of the late United States Senator Gear.



THE FISHERMEN OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In speaking of the foreign population of San Francisco the Chinese are so largely in the majority that the other nationalities are usually lost sight of. But there are others whom it is particularly good to see. The fishermen of San Francisco are mostly of foreign birth or parentage. Italy is responsible for the greater number of them, and they are a hearty, swaggering lot, picturesque to a degree in their white or red jerseys, with broad sashes tied about their waists, and hip-boots generally turned down at the top. There is a wholesome look about these sturdy fellows in marked contrast to the withered-up Chinamen who come down to trade with them on the wharf. They are bold sailors, and navigate their little lateen-rigged craft with great courage and skill. It seems hardly possible that the little cockle-shells they sail could venture out beyond the Golden Gate. Herring, rock-cod, or rockfish, flounders, salmon, and smelts are among the fishes caught. There are about six thousand fishermen on the California coast, probably the greater part of them at San Francisco and on the Sacramento River. They catch about twenty-five million pounds of fish every year.

MR. DOOLEY*

XXXV.—VOICES FROM THE TOMB

"I DON'T think," said Mr. Dooley, "that me frind Willum Jennings Bryan is as good an orator as he was four years ago."

"He's th' grandest talker that's lived since Dan'l O'Connell," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Ye've heerd thim all an' ye know," said Mr. Dooley. "But I tell ye, he's gone back. D'ye mind th' time we wint down to th' Coleesyum an' he come out in a black alapaca coat an' pushed into th' air th' finest wurruds ye iver heerd spoke in all ye'er bor-rn days? Dear me, will ye iver f'rget it, th' way he pumped it into th' pluthocrats? 'I tell ye here an' now,' he says, 'they'se as good business men in th' quiet counthry graveyards iv Kansas as ye can find in th' palathial lunch counthers iv Wall Sthreet,' he says. 'Whin I see th' face iv that man who looks like a two-dollar pitcher iv Napolyeon at Saint Heleena,' he says, 'I say to mesilf, ye shall not — ye shall not—' What th' divvle is it ye shall not do, Hinnissy?

"Ye shall not crucify mankind upon a crown iv thorns," said Mr. Hennessy.

"Right ye ar-re. I forgot," Mr. Dooley went on. "Well, thim were his own wurruds. He was young an' he wanted something an' he spoke up. He'd been a rayporther on a newspaper an' he'd rather be Prisidint thin write anny longer f'r th' pa-aper, an' he made th' whole iv th' piece out iv his own head.

"But nowadays he has tin wurruds f'r Thomas Jefferson an' th' rest iv th' sage crop to wan f'r himsilf. 'Fellow-Dimmycrats,' he says, 'before goin' anny farther, an' maybe farin' worse, I reluctantly accipt th' nommynation f'r Prisidint that I have caused ye to offer me,' he says, 'an' good luck to me,' he says. 'Seein' th' counthry in th' condition it is,' he says, 'I cannot rayfuse,' he says. 'I will now lave a subjict that must be disagreeable to manny iv ye an' speak a few wurruds fr'm th' fathers iv th' party, iv whom there ar-re manny,' he says, 'though no shame to th' party f'r all iv that,' he says. 'Thomas Jefferson, th' sage iv Monticello, says, "Ye can't make a silk purse out iv a sow's ear," a remark that will at wanst recall th' sayin' iv Binjamin Franklin, th' sage iv Camden, that "th' farthest way ar-round is th' shortest way acrost." Nawthin' cud be thruer thin that onliss it is th' ipygram iv Andhrew Jackson, th' sage iv Syr-acuse, that "a bur-rd in th' hand is worth two in th' bush." What gran' wurruds thim ar-re, an' how they must torture th' prisint leaders iv th' Raypublican party.

"'Tisn't Bryan alone. Mack's the same way. They're both ancesther worshippers, like th' Chinese, Hinnissy. An' what I'd like to know is what Thomas Jefferson knew about the throubles iv ye an' me? Divvle a wurrud have I to say again Thomas. He was a good man in his day, though I don't know that his battin' av'rage 'd be high again th' pitchin' iv these times. I have a gr-reat rayspict f'r th' sages an' I believe in namin' sthreets an' public schools afther thim. But suppose Thomas Jefferson was to come back here now an' say to himself: 'They'se a good Dimmycrat up in Ar-rchy road an' I think I'll drop in on him an' talk over th' issues iv th' day.' Well, maybe he cud r-ride his ol' gray mare up an' not be kilt be th' throlley cars, an' maybe th' la-ads 'd think he was crazy an' not murdher him f'r his clothes. An' maybe they wudden't. But annyhow, suppose he got here, an' afther he'd fumbled ar-round at th' latch—f'r they had sthrings on the dure in thim days—I let him in. Well, afther I've injooced him to take a bowl iv red liquor—f'r in his time th' dhrink was white—an' explained how th' seltzer comes out an' th' cash raygisther wurruks an' wather is dhrawn fr'm th' fassit, an' gas is lighted fr'm th' burner, an' got him so he wud not bump his head again the ceilin' ivry time th' beer-pump threw a fit—afther that we'd talk iv th' pollytical situation.

"'How does it go?' says Thomas. 'Well,' says I, 'it looks as though Ioway was sure Raypublican,' says I. 'Ioway?' says he. 'What's that?' says he. 'Ioway,' says I, 'is a State,' says I. 'I niver heerd iv it,' says he. 'Faith, ye did not,' says I. 'But it's a State just th' same, an' full iv corn an' people,' I says. 'An' why is it Raypublican?' says he. 'Because,' says I, 'th' people out there is f'r holdin' th' Ph'lippeens,' says I. 'What th' divvle ar-re th' Ph'lippeens?' says he. 'Is it a game,' says he, 'or a food?' he says. 'Faith, 'tis small wonder ye don't know,' says I, 'f'r 'tis mesilf was weak on it a year ago,' I says. 'Th' Ph'lippeens is an issue,' says I, 'an' islands,' says I, 'an' public nuisance,' I says. 'But,' I says, 'befure we go anny further on this subject,' I says, 'd'ye know where Minnysota is, or Westconsin, or Utah, or Californya, or Texas, or Neebrasky?' says I. 'I do not,' says he. 'D'ye know that since ye'er death there has growed up on th' shore iv Lake Mitchigan a city that wud make Rome look like a whistlin'-station—a city that has a popylation iv eight million people till th' cinsus rayport comes out?' I says. 'I niver heerd iv it,' he says. 'D'ye know that I can cross th' ocean in six days, an' won't; that if annything doesn't happen in Chiny I can larn about it in twinty-four hours if I care to know; that if ye was in Wash'nton I cud call ye up be tillyphone an' ye'er wire 'd be busy?' I says. 'I do not,' says Thomas Jefferson. 'Thin,' says I, 'don't presume to advise me,' I says, 'that knows these things an' manny more,' I says. 'An' whin ye go back where ye come fr'm an' set down with th' r-rest iv th' sages to wondher whether a man cud possibly go fr'm Richmond to Boston in a week, tell thim,' I says, 'that in their day they r-run a corner grocery an' to-day,' says I, 'we're op-ratin' a sixteen-story department store an' puttin' in ivrything fr'm an electhric-lightin' plant to a set iv false teeth,' I says. An' I hist him on his horse an' ask a polisman to show him th' way home.

"Be hivins, Hinnissy, I want me advice up to date, an' whin Mack and Willum Jennings tells me what George Wash'nton an' Thomas Jefferson said, I says to thim: 'Gintlemen, they larned their thrade befure th' days iv open plumbin',' I says. 'Tell us what is wanted ye'erself or call in a journeyman—who's wurrukin' card is dated this cinchry,' I says. An' I'm right, too, Hinnissy."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, slowly, "those ol' la-ads was level-headed."

"Thrue f'r ye," said Mr. Dooley. "But undher th' new iliction laws ye can't vote th' cimitries."

F. P. DUNNE.

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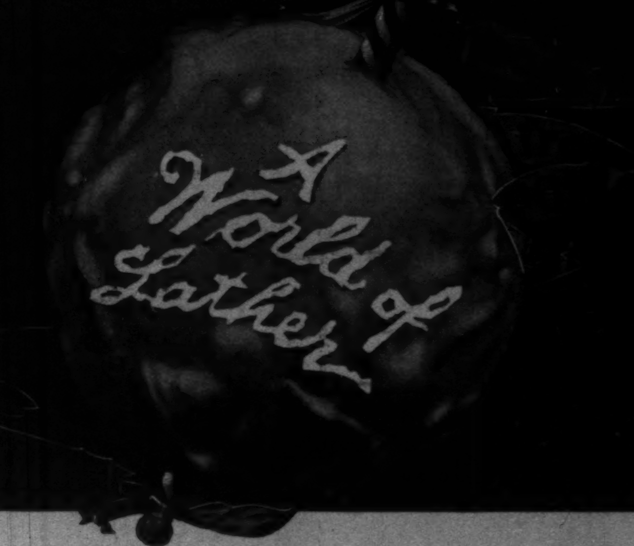

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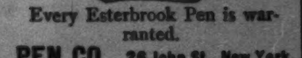

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"I AM AS GUILTY AS HE," SHE SAID.

THE QUALITY OF MERCY. *By C. M. Harger*

I

"AND if he is guilty, what then?"

"Well, who cares about his guilt? You mean, if the jury find him guilty."

"Yes, of course, the verdict." McClune of the First Ward was slightly embarrassed by the railroad attorney's stern tone.

"Why, that's what we're here for. There's just one thing to do—work on the Judge to get him off easy."

The third man was the Sheriff—taciturn, calculating, anxious to be re-elected—a power in the county's politics. "It won't do to send him up," he remarked, with unwonted eagerness. "He can do more with the French vote along the creek than any one in the county—and you know we hev' just got to get that vote."

In a little room back of the Sheriff's office the trio were considering ways and means. An important local politician was on trial for the most heinous offence of the plains—cattle-stealing. To be sure, only one cow had been traced in such a manner as to lead to his arrest, but hundreds of head had been missing in the community, and the existence of an organized band of cattle-thieves was suspected.

For days the trial had dragged along in the stuffy prairie court-room. The space within the railing, where the lawyers, witnesses, and prominent (or self-important) citizens sat, was filled session after session, but the benches for the common public were mostly vacant.

From a corner, the prisoner—a gaunt, pallid settler—faced the jury. He was accompanied by a veiled woman—his wife.

The best criminal lawyers in the county, Merton & Hammond, were fighting for John Warden's liberty. At last it ended, and all awaited the verdict. Attorneys and court officers discussed the case while the jury was deliberating—the group in the Sheriff's apartments most earnestly of all.

"I don't believe he is guilty," spoke up Merton, "yet there is something mighty queer about how that animal got in his yard."

"Maybe," suggested the Sheriff, looking through the unwashed windows across miles of dun western Kansas prairie, "maybe there wa'n't no stealin'—th' critters may just hev' broke into his corral."

"No, that couldn't be"—Merton took the remark seriously. "The cattle inside the fence were put there, but I don't believe John Warden did it."

"Of course not, or you would not have taken the case," laughed his rival, the railroad attorney.

Merton reddened a little, then arose as the twelve men in whose hands was his client's fate came into the court-room in charge of a bailiff.

The jury did not agree with Merton. After much discussion and wrangling in their shabby room, the august body returned a verdict of guilty.

The local papers applauded or criticised as ran the personal prejudices of the editors; the jurymen were serene in the consciousness of duty done, and the prisoner, his face more wan than ever, went back to the stone dungeon that served the county-seat for a jail.

The session of the court went on, and divorces, mortgage foreclosures, quarrels, and damage cases took their turn on the docket.

But Merton still worked for his client. Another meeting of the local leaders of his party was called, and again in the little room back of the Sheriff's office the gathering came to order.

"He'll be sentenced to-morrow," Merton explained, "and if we're to do anything, now is our chance. The judge has refused us a new trial—we must get him off with a light sentence."

"It would be a mighty good thing to handle the creek townships with," drawled the Sheriff. "This next election's goin' ter be mighty close."

"Afraid you won't pull through, are you?" sneered the editor of the county paper. He had praised the jury's verdict, and his real sentiments were against Warden, but he had been called vigorously to time by his leading supporters and told to get on the other side for the party's sake. It made him cross and pessimistic.

"Well, Jim," replied the Sheriff, "a good majority along the creek will be about the only thing that will allow you to keep yer grip on the county printin' at robber rates," and the laugh was on the newspaper-man.

McClune was clearly the leader to whom they looked for counsel, and when he spoke there was close attention.

"I take it," he announced, after a while, "that the Judge wants to do what's right, but he ain't anxious to cut his own political head off to spite somebody. He's got to be re-elected next November, too, or he might as well leave the State—an' to be elected, he's got to pull every rope."

"Just what I was tellin' th' boys," put in the Sheriff.

"The district's close," went on McClune, "and if there's any doubt about Warden's guilt, as Merton says there is, it's all right for the Judge to give him the benefit of it and make his sentence light—say a couple months in jail. He can stand that and get out in time to round things up by election day."

The others nodded approvingly.

"Of course, you know that the penalty runs to ten years," added Merton, quietly.

"Yes, an' in some communities that ain't civilized as well as we are, it's hangin'," remarked the Sheriff.

The editor voiced the feeling of his comrades: "Somebody must go to the Judge, and make a talk—and McClune is the one to do it."

The First Ward politician denied his fitness. "I don't want to," he said, deprecatingly, "but, of course, some one will have to do it."

"Well, you're the man. You nominated Holland, and he'll listen to you when he would show us the door."

"I suppose that's so. Well, I'll try it," and McClune went out into the biting winter afternoon.

II

Judge Holland was surprised to see McClune that evening. The Judge's home was with a sister on the edge of the straggling prairie town. He was compelled to ask his visitor into the sitting-room, where the children were studying school lessons by the shaded lamp.

"I came to see you very particular," blurted out the First Ward leader, embarrassed by the family circle.

"Oh yes, you wish to see me alone—come upstairs."

In the little bed-room, warmed by the stove-pipe from the apartment below, they faced each other.

The Judge was slender, clean-shaven, nervous, with deep-set eyes and high student's forehead; his visitor, big, brusque, and whiskered, was much the older, and considered the young lawyer whom he had assisted in the political race as his protégé.

"Now, Holland," began McClune, seating himself carelessly on the bed, "I've come to see you about Warden—the cattle-thief, you know."

"Well, what's the matter?"

"You'll have to sentence him at the end of the term—to-morrow."

"Yes." Involuntarily the Judge glanced towards a table whereon lay a bundle of legal papers.

"It's a pretty serious job, I know, but we want you to be easy on him."

"The jury found him guilty."

"I know—but Merton thinks there is some doubt about the jury being right. And I want to say to you"—it was a favorite expression of McClune's—"that Merton's opinion's worth something."

"Mr. Merton is perhaps prejudiced." The Judge smiled, quizzically. Merton had been his rival for the judgeship, and neither had quite forgiven the other for the part taken in the campaign. "For myself, I think the jury was correct."

"Well, I reckon it was—but we don't want him in jail more than two months."

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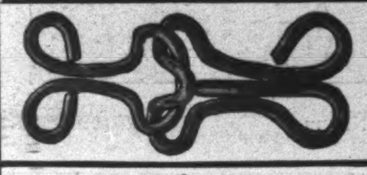
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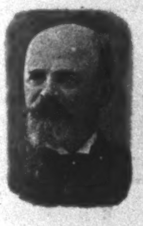
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The Judge's face darkened, but his visitor went on: "You've got to run for office again next fall. You pulled through last time by less than a hundred, and you wouldn't have done it at all if it hadn't been for me and John Warden. Do you know what would have happened then?"

The young Judge knew too well. The burden of debt, the meagre law practice still more diminished when the bursting of the boom sent people out of the county by the hundreds, the expense of the campaign—his hair had whitened while he waited for the returns from the back precincts, one of which was John Warden's.

"You haven't got your debts paid yet; you don't see any great opening for a law business here, do you?"

McClune laughed harshly. Both knew that the town was in worse financial condition than ever in its history.

"You have just *got* to be elected, now 'ain't you?"

The Judge did not reply.

"If you send Warden to the 'pen' for five or six years, you'll lose all three of the creek townships. The French are his friends and swear by him — not another man in the county can handle them for us. That's one hundred and fifty votes. It 'll beat you. Give him a month or two in jail and he can stand it; he'll get out in time to swing things and we'll be all right. See? I want to tell you that it is the thing to do."

Holland's features grew hard and forbidding. "In other words, you want me to sacrifice justice to politics — to sell my soul for place?" The Judge looked his visitor squarely in the eyes.

McClune refused to meet the gaze, but turned away with, "Oh, don't be a fool and try to work off an oration on me."

"Bad as I want this office, bad as I need it," went on Holland, sternly, "do you think it my duty—between man and man, honor bright—to do this?"

McClune did not answer. He was lying back on the bed and apparently not listening closely.

"If the man is guilty, he deserves punishment; if he is innocent, he ought to go free—there is no middle ground—"

"—but that of good politics," interrupted the First-Warder. "Maybe the man's innocent. You want to hold your job on the bench four years more, don't you? And you know I expect to run on the ticket with you for Clerk of the Court."

"God knows I do—but this is a monstrous thing you ask, McClune, and I'm tempted to tell you to leave the house. You've been my friend. When I was a poor boy, taking care of horses in this old town to buy my clothes, you were good to me. I don't forget that, and I don't forget how you helped me to attend school, to get a start, and then to secure the nomination for Judge — you pulled me through the campaign. Of course I'd have been beaten but for you—"

"And John Warden."

"Yes, and John Warden. But this thing you ask is another matter—let me think over it?"

McClune rose to go. At the door he turned and, with the *finesse* of a born diplomat, played what he knew was his strongest card, "Remember, I'm to be on the ticket with you," and was gone.

Holland sat a long, long time in the chilly bed-room. Once he went over to the table and took from the bundle of papers a slip on which were written some memoranda. Slowly he read them:

"Titus James, arson, eight years.

"Richard Roe, larceny, two years.

"John Warden, larceny, six years."

"And McClune wants me to make it two months or less!" he mused.

A studious, conscientious youth, an earnest, hard-working lawyer, a man who looked for truth in his fellows — the thought of prostituting his high office, even to serve a friend to whom he owed so much, unnerved him. It haunted him through a sleepless night, it sat beside him on the bench in the stuffy court-room the next morning, it went with him to the Judge's chamber at the noon recess. He wanted no lunch. With the slip of paper in his hands he sat pondering, as he firmly believed, the question of his duty and of his political and business future.

III

The door opened. "A lady to see yer Honor," and the bailiff brought in a veiled woman. Holland recognized her as the one who had, day after day, been sitting beside John Warden.

"What can I do for you, madam?" His air was courteous.

"Once you did not call me 'madam.'" She threw aside her veil, and he saw in her sweet but worn face familiar lines.

"I thought — I thought it was Mrs. Warden."

"It is. I have been John Warden's wife for four years, but you did not know—and probably you did not care."

Holland could not speak. The one romance of his life—the days when he had admired Mary Heather's pretty face and form—came back to him.

"Yes—I cared—but I did not know," he stammered, at last.

"You loved me once!" exclaimed the woman, impetuously, as if determined to present her strongest forces first. "You said you loved me—and then you left me—"

"No, you left me, Mary—beg pardon."

"Well, we won't go over that." She had not noticed his familiarity with her first name. "It is too late now. I married John Warden a month after, and we went to Texas. We nearly starved there"—the woman shuddered at the remembrance—"and came back to settle on Sand Creek. Our home is there."

"I never knew," repeated the Judge.

"And we nearly starved again," went on the woman. "I never realized before on how little people could keep up life if it was necessary. I cared for the horses while John was sick. I drove to the store with eggs, and I followed the plough and harrow. I read in the *Herald* every week how you were rising in your profession, and how you became Judge—but I never saw a notice of your marriage."

Holland shook his head. She was playing her game well, and had him at a disadvantage.

"I have come here to tell you something—something terrible. There came a time when we had nothing to eat, when the cupboard was bare of potatoes even, and it seemed that we must go on the town—or sell our horses, if we could get anything for them above the mortgages they carried. You don't understand what that means. I thought of you that terrible day—thought of how different life would have been with you, Mark—and I cried for the first time since my marriage."

The Judge's eyes were moist and they avoided the woman's.

"On the plain, near our house, was a great herd of cattle belonging to some rich company. Who would know or care if one was missing? I begged John to help me, and together—yes, together, but at my suggestion—John Warden and the woman you once loved, and around whom you once put your arm tenderly, went out in the dusk of evening and drove a cow into their corral. They killed her, and the meat made their first meal for thirty hours.

"Somehow, after that, things went better. No one knew how desperately poor we had become, and John's influence with the foreign-born settlers on the creek brought him work. He was above them in intelligence and had a tender heart. He nursed their sick and helped bury their dead—and they worship him.

"But a lawyer, working for this great cattle company that has robbed us of pasture, and whose herds have trampled down our crops, traced a missing cow to our corral, and my husband is in jail—for how long you are to say this afternoon."

A pause followed, and Judge Holland, rising, went to the window.

"Mark!" The old familiar title of youth caused him to turn quickly. The prisoner's wife stood close beside him. "Mark, be merciful—for my sake! I am as guilty as he, and will suffer more than he."

The settler's wife threw herself into an easy-chair and sobbed.

"Oyez, Oyez, Oyez!" the Sheriff was calling at the front door downstairs. The bailiff rapped.

"Time for court to commence, yer Honor," he announced.

The prisoner's wife, her face again hidden, went out. In a moment the Judge followed.

The town knew that sentences were to be pronounced, and the room was filled. The prisoners stood in a dejected row, awaiting their fate.

Occasionally the Judge glanced at a piece of paper in his hand. Titus James received his eight years behind the bars. Richard Roe was ordered to the penitentiary for one-fourth as long. Several shorter terms were distributed as a teacher might give out prizes on the last day of school—only these were not received with joy.

"John Warden, stand up! In accordance with the verdict found by the jury," the Judge's voice was far from firm, and he nervously tore into fine pieces the slip of paper he had held in his hands—"you are sentenced to one hour's imprisonment in the county jail, to commence at one o'clock to-day."

Everybody looked up at the big clock above the Judge's head. Its hands showed that nearly one-half of the sentence had already expired.

No, not "everybody"—McClune, as the sentence was pronounced, slid quickly through the green doors at the rear of the room into the deserted hall without.

Softly he chuckled to himself. "The Judge wants to be re-elected a mighty sight worse than I thought he did," ran his meditations. "I didn't know I had so much power over him."

And thinking so, his surprise was the greater when, two days after, Judge Holland gave an interview to the *Herald* in which he said that, owing to need of rest and a contemplated trip to the Pacific coast, he would under no circumstances be a candidate for a second term.

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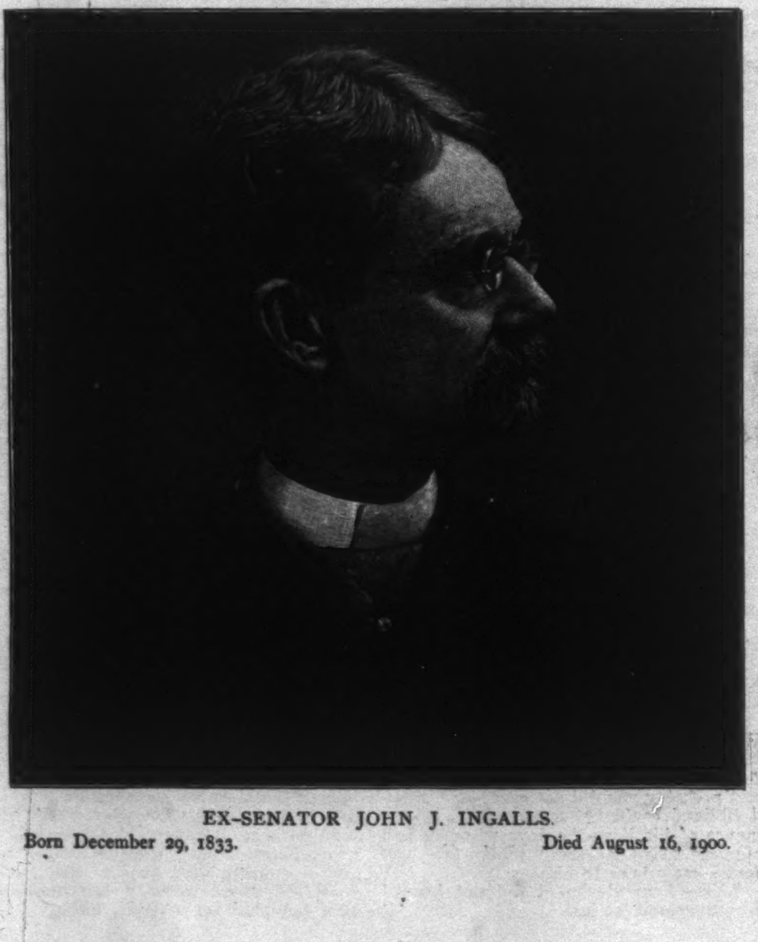
Notes of a Bookman

BY E. D. BEACH

THE idea of going without food as a means of acquiring an appetite is simple and obvious enough to have suggested itself long since, and as a matter of fact it is not new, but we cannot think that it has ever before been so sharply and so convincingly presented as Mark Twain presents it in his truthful account entitled "At the Appetite-Cure," one of a number of stories and essays published by this gifted and scrupulous author under the leading title of *The Man that Corrupted Hadleyburg* (Harper & Brothers). Mr. Twain says that the Austrian Empire is made up of health resorts, and it was at a resort of the kind in Bohemia that he found himself fitted with an excellent appetite after he had been kept for sixty hours without food. Of course this distinguished sufferer would never permit himself to be cured of anything except in an amusing manner, and it is no betrayal of a secret to say that the Bohemian health resort here celebrated was an absurd place. There is a good deal about the beneficial effects of starvation in the book. One of the stories here relates the experiences of fifteen men from the clipper-ship *Hornet*, which was burned in the Pacific on May 3, 1866. These men sailed 4000 miles in an open boat. They started with ten days' rations of food, and reached the Sandwich Islands on June 15, after forty-three days of starvation of varying degrees; and, except in one case, the story shows that the starvation was good for them. In concluding this account Mr. Twain makes a reflection. He finds the story of the *Hornet* survivors more interesting now than it was when he first related it, for a California newspaper, thirty-four years ago. He says: "By some subtile law all tragic human experiences gain in pathos by the perspective of time. We realize this when in Naples we stand musing over the poor Pompeian mother lost in the historic storm of volcanic ashes eighteen centuries ago, who lies with her child gripped close to her breast, trying to save it, and whose despair and grief have been preserved for us by the fiery envelope which took her life but eternalized her form and features. She moves us, she haunts us, she stays in our thoughts for many days. We do not know why, for she is nothing to us. She has been nothing to us for eighteen centuries; whereas of the like case to-day we should say, 'Poor thing! it is pitiful,' and forget it in an hour." That we remember the Pompeian mother altogether or particularly by reason of the circumstance that she suffered long ago we should not like to be sure; we perceive other circumstances that may have helped to fix her in memory; but Mark Twain is here eloquent, and he is furthermore consistent, for we cannot forget that he wept at the tomb of Adam.

The man who corrupted Hadleyburg had been snubbed there once upon a time, and corrupted it in a spirit of revenge. He was an ingenious man, and he did the business thoroughly, at a cost of something less than forty thousand dollars. The private history of the celebrated jumping frog of Calaveras County, who belonged to Smiley, and who was once fed with a double handful of bird-shot, so that he was unable to jump, is told here in a manner which will persuade the reader that Mr. Twain had nothing to conceal. It appears that this gifted frog, or one just like him, had the same awkward experience in Greece 2000 years ago. His owner, the Smiley of that period, was a Bœotian, and the "feller" who tampered with him was a wandering citizen of the wide-awake town of Athens. Professor Van Dyke of Princeton showed to Mr. Twain the 2000-year-old Greek story of the jumping frog in an excellent English translation. In ancient Greece, of course, the frog was not fed with shot; he got pebbles instead; and of course his name was not Dan'l Webster. It may be added that the reported experience of the frog in Calaveras County is unquestionably a fact, and that it is thought that the earlier story may very well have been. Mr. Twain's admirable account of the way in which business is conducted in the Austrian Parliament—an unharmonious legislative body that has neglected to provide itself with a sergeant-at-arms, and the amount of ruction in which is to be measured accordingly is included here, and there is much besides.



EX-SENATOR JOHN J. INGALLS.
Born December 29, 1833. Died August 16, 1900.

In *The Other Side of the Sun*, a book of fairy stories by Evelyn Sharp (John Lane, publisher), we notice that the Lady Daffodilia, in the tale which is called after her, provokes a rather curious answer, considered from the common fairy-book point of view, from Prince Brilliant, who had called to play with her. We are told of the Lady Daffodilia that the only thing she had done since she was born had been to grow and grow, so that at the time when the Prince called, and when she was only twelve years old, she was quite as tall as the Countess, her mother. "You are a whole year older than I am, but I am a head taller than you," she said to the Prince, probably putting out her tongue to add to the rudeness of the remark; and the Prince, collecting himself, returned: "I don't care a bit; I wouldn't have silly long legs like yours for anything." Now, leaving aside the question as to whether legs of any sort can properly be called silly, it seems to us that the Prince's retort is strikingly different from the retorts that are made in fairy stories usually, and we are not sure but that is rather refreshing. At the same time it has its bad points, and we

must quite agree with his Queen-mother, who was drinking tea on the lawn, and who said to the Prince: "Hush! that is not the way to speak to a little lady." But the idea that we had particularly in mind was to show that these are vigorous and amusing tales, pursuing a way that is their own, and making surprising and bold turns. They are illustrated by Nellie Syrett with page pictures in colors, and the book altogether is very clever and beautiful and charming.

Forest Culture by Railroads

THERE has always been the fear that at some time in the future the forest supply of good timber for making railroad sleepers would give out, and the cost of keeping road-beds in repair, not to speak of building new lines, would then prove so expensive that a new factor would enter into the problem of land transportation to discredit all past data and calculations. The inevitable has not come to pass yet—for according to the latest reports our timber lands are still quite extensive—but the American railroads have not supinely waited for the changed conditions which would jeopardize their capital. On the contrary, they began years ago by encouraging inventors to produce for them a satisfactory metal tie which would take the place of the present wooden sleepers. One after another invented metal sleepers and telegraph poles, and in Europe these were adopted more generally than in this country. There are several score of miles of railroads laid on metal sleepers in different States of the country, but for the most part the roads prefer the wooden ties and use them on their lines. The metal tie has so far proved a failure, and it is not likely to be adopted except for special places and reasons.

This fact was pretty well demonstrated some years ago, and with characteristic promptness some of the roads proceeded to do the next-best thing. They planted forests for their own individual use. Some of these forests are now beginning to yield a supply of timber which will furnish all the sleepers necessary for repairs. This forest culture by the railroads is spreading so that in a few years nearly every prominent road will have its woods wherein appropriate sleepers and telegraph poles can be cut. One Western road planted some fifteen years ago a small forest of catalpa-trees in central Indiana, and the trees are now doing so well that in the next ten years a million or more trees will be ready for cutting. By systematic cultivation of this plantation it is believed that sufficient trees can be had at all times to keep the road-bed in excellent repair without going into the outside market to purchase sleepers. Timber culture is only another forward step in a line of improvement that was marked out by the railroads when they first employed landscape-gardeners to look after flower-beds and grass-lawns. The landscape-gardener has been found to be a profitable investment, and the older roads are spending money quite lavishly to appeal to the æsthetic sense of their patrons. Practical forestry for supplying the roads with ties could be made further successful by planting the trees along the line of the roads, where passengers could enjoy their cool shade and pleasant green and sweet aroma. Many of our dreary stretches of prairie land could be improved for passengers by covering them with plantations of forest trees.

The amount of timber consumed by railroads is enormous in a country with such long reaches of railroad lines, and a million acres of land are required to produce the timber necessary to keep the roads in repair. For renewing the railroad ties alone there are upwards of 80,000,000 required. Of this immense amount of timber over half is of solid oak, and about twelve per cent. of pine. Next in order comes chestnut, and then cedar and hemlock. Many of the roads have to bring their ties from a great distance—the old easy way of cutting the sleepers from the woods along the line of the road no longer being possible because of the widespread destruction of forests on the main lines of travel. Most of the railroad ties last, on an average, about seven years before renewal is necessary, and about 15 per cent. of the ties on each mile of road must be renewed every year. The bulk of these ties are cut from second-growth timber to-day, and many of the young trees yield only a single tie each. This wasteful method increases the timber consumption rapidly, and makes it more urgent than ever that systematic timber culture should be extended by all the railroads, so the supply can be gathered each year from trees of fair size and growth.

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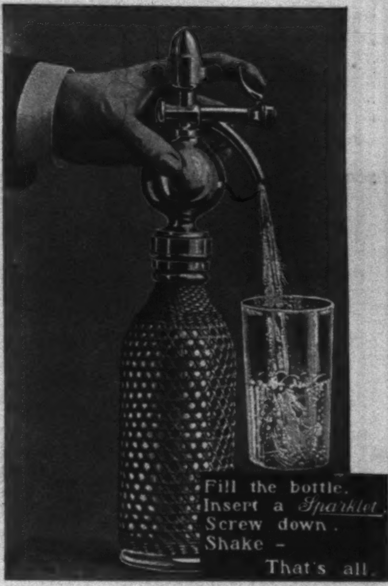

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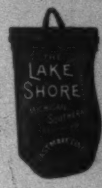

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FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE placing of half the latest British loan in this country—consisting of £10,000,000 three-year three-per-cent. Exchequer bonds offered at 98—and the incidental drawing, by that means and by a slight and temporary advance in the price of American eagles and bars by the Bank of England, of $18,000,000 in gold from New York to London in ten days, has been the subject of a good deal of comment on both sides of the Atlantic, but it is an easy matter to explain.

Owing to conditions that are exceptional, but have become familiar, rates for money are considerably higher in London just now than in New York, and England is in need of gold to supply the place of that withdrawn for war expenses, while in this country the supply is abundant and constantly increasing. Arrangements were made for placing the British bonds here, not because they would not be readily taken at home, but because it was desired to draw gold from here. They were rather eagerly taken here because there was plenty of money which was employed to less advantage or not at all. There are considerable funds at all times which are invested more for security than profit, and United States government bonds no longer fully meet the want. There are only about $1,000,000,000 of them left, and about one-third are held as security for national bank circulation. The new bonds bear only two per cent. interest, and the other issues sell at a premium, which makes the income from them no greater.

The demand for these home obligations for the investment of trust funds and for other purposes in which interest is of less consequence than absolute safety practically absorbs the supply and reaches out for more. The fact that insurance companies are among the subscribers for the new British securities shows that though they have only three years to run the return of about 3.7 per cent. made them attractive as an investment. They were regarded as absolutely safe, and no doubt was felt that when affairs become more settled in Europe and the East they can be sold at a premium, to go back to England if a better use can be found for the money here.

This transaction has absolutely nothing to do with the relation of this country as a debtor or creditor nation in the long run. We have for three years been exporting more than $500,000,000 annually in excess of our imports, and the apparent "balance of trade in our favor" for those three years has exceeded $1,600,000,000. During the month of July our exports of merchandise in excess of imports amounted to nearly $37,000,000. Making the most liberal deductions for freight paid to foreign carriers, American money spent abroad, etc., it is evident that we are still constantly paying with our exports large amounts due to holders of American obligations abroad and owners of capital invested in this country. In other words, we are still to a large extent a debtor nation, and our ability to supply gold to Europe, when it can be done to our financial advantage, has no direct relation to that fact. But our being a debtor nation and sending large values abroad every year to meet the demands of creditors is no disadvantage and involves no loss. It simply means that we can employ at a profit more capital than our own people are yet able to furnish, and though much of the increment must go to the foreigners who lend us the money or invest it in our enterprises, much of it remains, and our resources and industries are built up more rapidly than they otherwise would be.

No doubt the low rates for money are to some extent due to the abundance of our currency, and just now to a slackening of the demands upon it by general business and speculation. Of speculation there is very little on the exchanges, and dealing in all kinds of corporate securities continues dull. There are some slight symptoms of awakening and a tendency to hardening in the rates for money. The bank reserves have been very little drawn upon by the shipment of gold, and the government is letting out a considerable amount of cash in redemption of the old two-per-cent. bonds in which the $4\frac{1}{2}$s were extended some years ago. The actual bonds for the new two-per-cent. refunding loan have just appeared from the government printing-office.

A material reduction in the price of structural steel is an important step toward the final adjustment of iron and steel prices, and increasing orders for export indicate that the relation between demand and supply is becoming rectified so that a renewed activity in the business may be looked for soon. Crop reports are, on the whole, more favorable, and the outlook is rather more cheerful.